THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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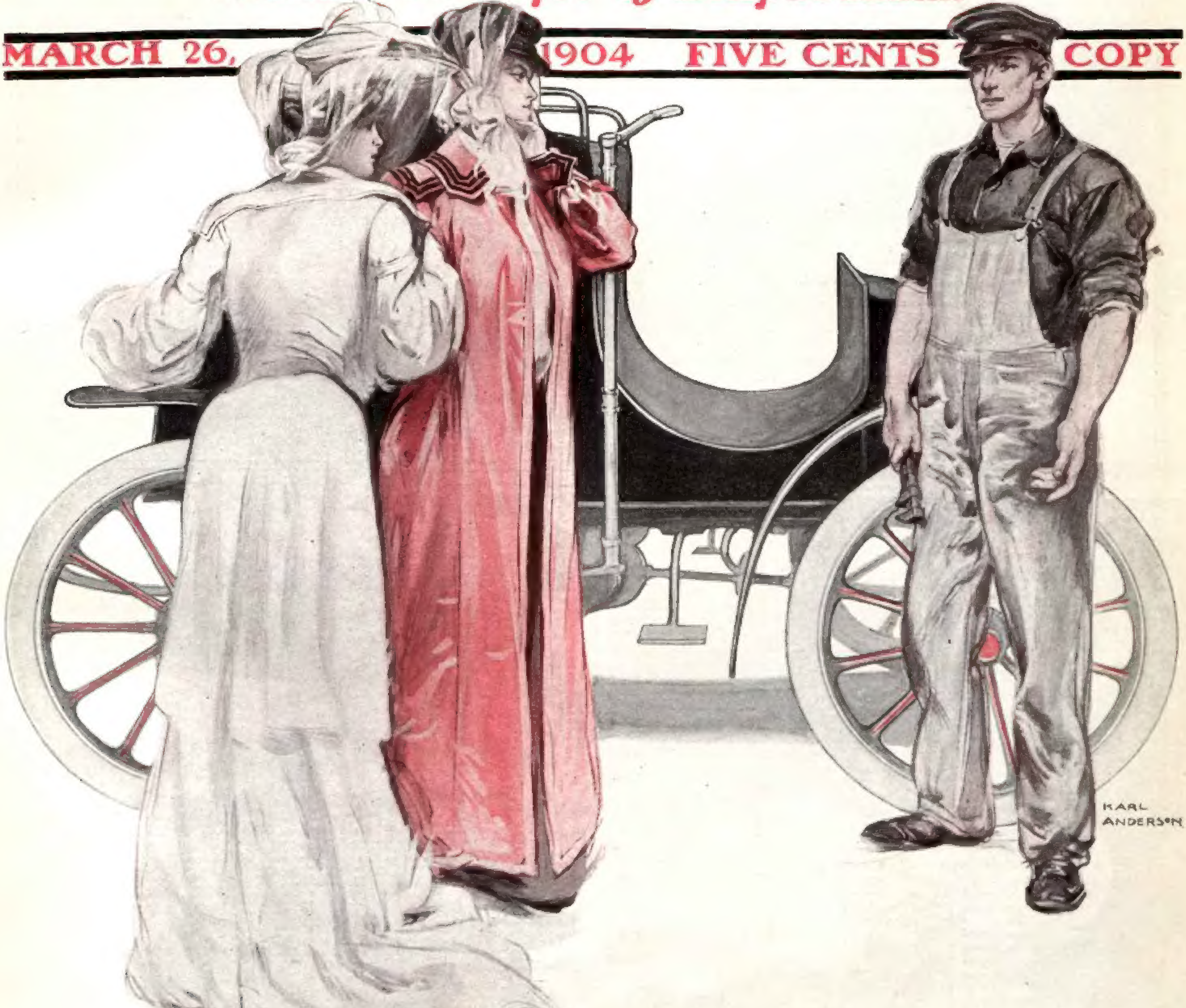

The Great Bubble Syndicate

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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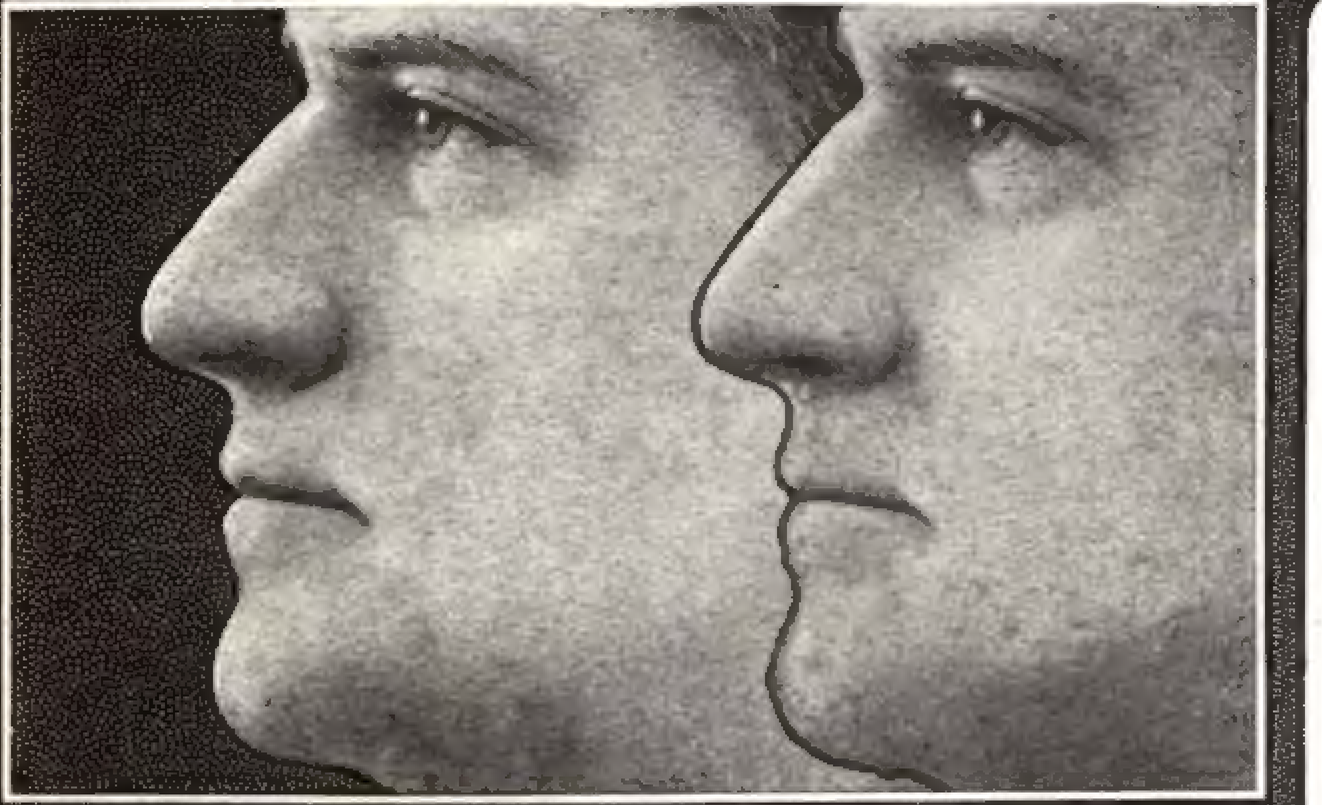

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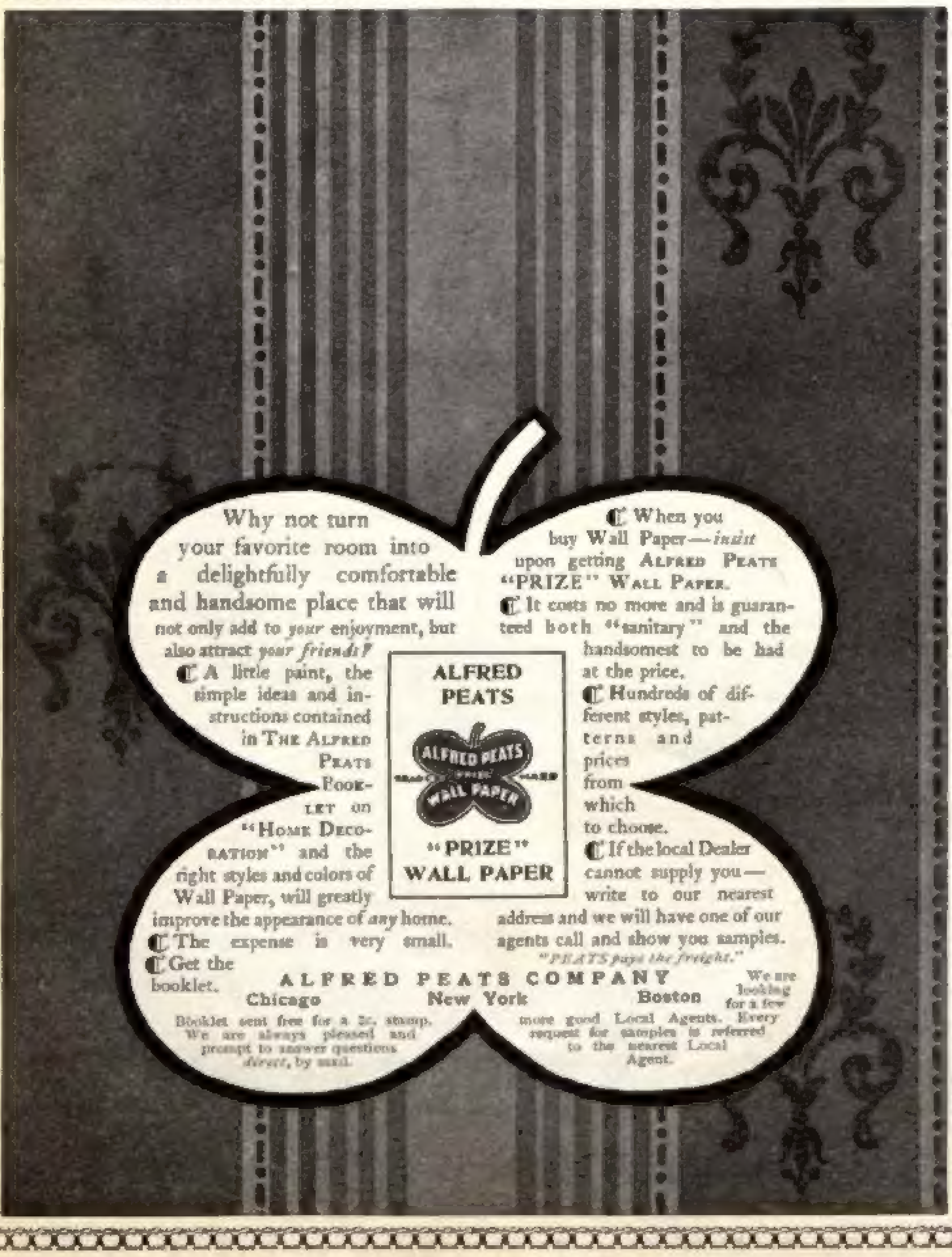

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Great Bubble Syndicate

Like the Great Mississippi Bubble, It Ended by Bursting

By Lloyd Osbourne

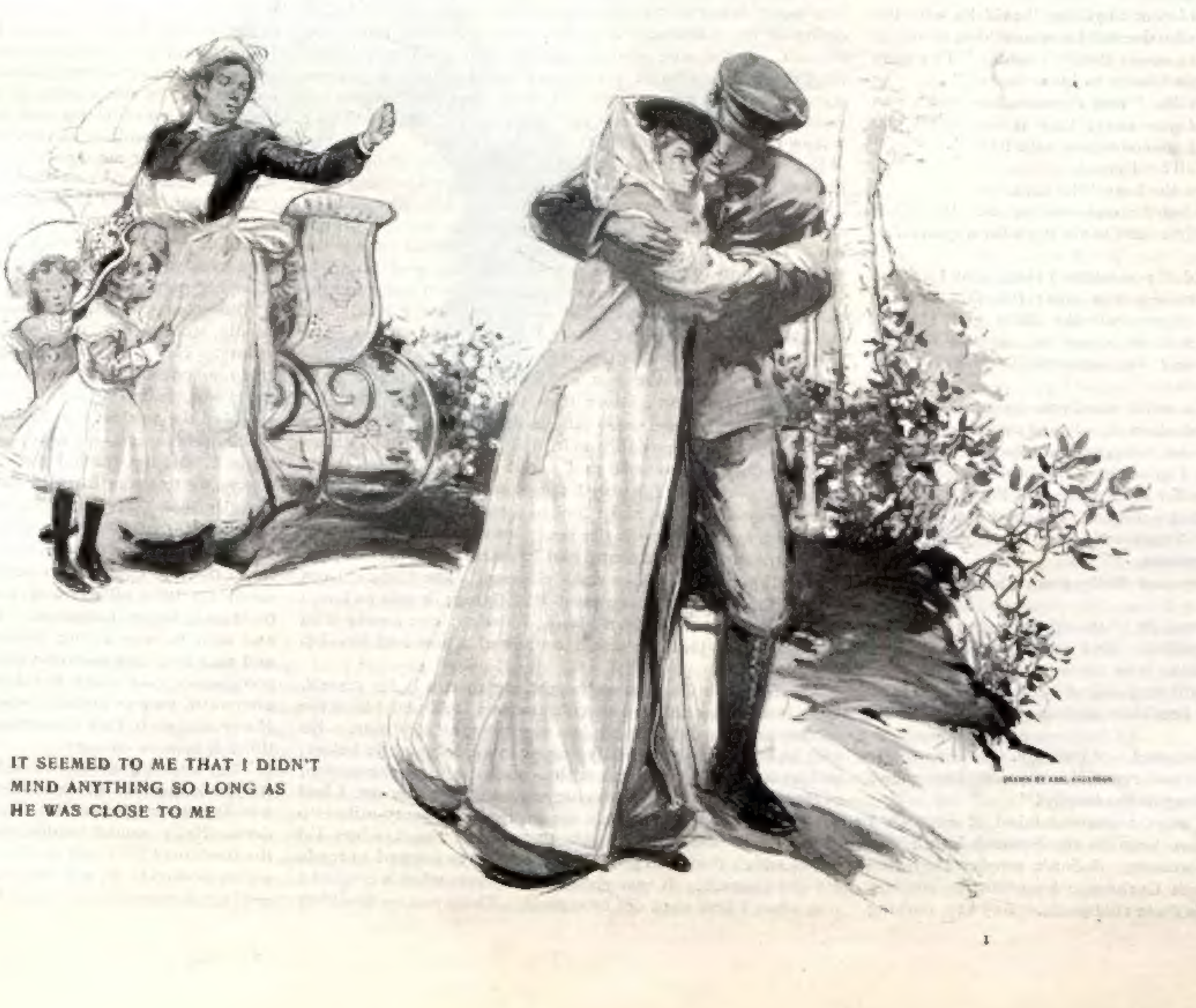
I SUPPOSE it was a fool arrangement, but anyway we did it; and Harry Prentiss, who is learning how to be a corporation lawyer and has specialized on contracts, spent a whole week making it what he called iron-clad. When it was typewritten it covered nine pages, and was so excessively iron-clad that nobody could understand it but Harry. He said it undoubtedly covered the ground, however, and would be worth all the trouble it cost him in the friction it would save afterward. You'd hardly know Harry as the same boy that played Yale full-back, he's grown so cynical and suspicious, and he's got that lawyer way of looking at you now as though you were a liar and he was just about to pounce on you with the truth. I thought he might have brought Nelly and himself into the agreement under one head, considering he was engaged to her and that they were only waiting to save a thousand dollars in order to get married; but he couldn't see it that way at all, and spoke about people changing their minds, and how in law you must be prepared for every contingency (especially if it were disagreeable and unexpected), and put supposititious cases till Nelly broke down and cried.

They had got five hundred toward the thousand when they were both taken with automobile fever—and taken bad; and then they decided that, though marriage was all right, they were still pretty young, and the bubble had the first call. Harry had been secretly taking the Horseless Age for three months, and as for Nelly—anybody with a four-cylinder tonneau could have torn her from her happy home. Not that she didn't love Harry tremendously. She was crazy about him—but crazier for a bubble! It's an infatuation like any other, only worse, and I guess I was no better than Nelly myself, for I used to ride regularly with Lewis Wentz—and you know what Lewis Wentz is! And he only had a wheezy old steam carriage anyway, and sometimes blue flames would leap up all around you till you felt like a Christian martyr, and his boiler was always burning out when he'd try to hold my hand instead of watching the gauge! You paid in every kind of way for riding with Lewis Wentz, and people talked about you besides—but I always went just the same. Oh, I know I ought to be ashamed to admit it, and I said to myself every time should be the last; yet he only had to double-toot at the front door for me to drop everything and run. This naturally made him awfully forward and troublesome, not to speak of complicating me with Pa, who didn't approve of him the least bit, and who used to regale me with little talks beginning: "I would rather see you lying dead in your coffin," and winding up with, "Now, won't you promise your poor old dad," till I was all broken up. But as I said before, Lewis Wentz had only to toot for me to forget my old dad and the coffin and everything.

With only five hundred dollars to go on, Harry and Nelly, of course, had to look about for more capital; and that was why they chose me to go in with them. I didn't have any capital except a rich father, but I suppose they thought that was the same thing. People are so apt to—though I never found it the same thing at all. Then, too, Nelly and I were bosom friends, and they naturally wanted to give me the first chance. Their original plan had been to have the bubble held in four equal shares, taking in Morty Truslow as the fourth. I think there was a little scheme in that, too, for Morty and I hadn't spoken for three months, and it was all off between us. There was a time when I thought there was only one thing in the world, and that was Morty Truslow—but that was over for good, with nothing left of it but a great big ache. I can never be grateful enough to Mrs. Gettridge for putting me on to it, for, however much a girl cares for a man, her pride won't let her—and she was Josie's aunt, you know, and if anybody was on the inside track she was . . . and I cut him dead and sent back his letters unopened, though he wrote and wrote . . . and it was awfully hard, you know, because I just had to grit my teeth together to keep from loving him to death. . . . Nelly said I was just too proud and silly for anything, and Pa looked as depressed as though there was another slump in Preferred Steel, and Mamma said he was such a catch that the first designing girl would snap him up, and Harry said you wouldn't know Morty now, he was so changed and different.

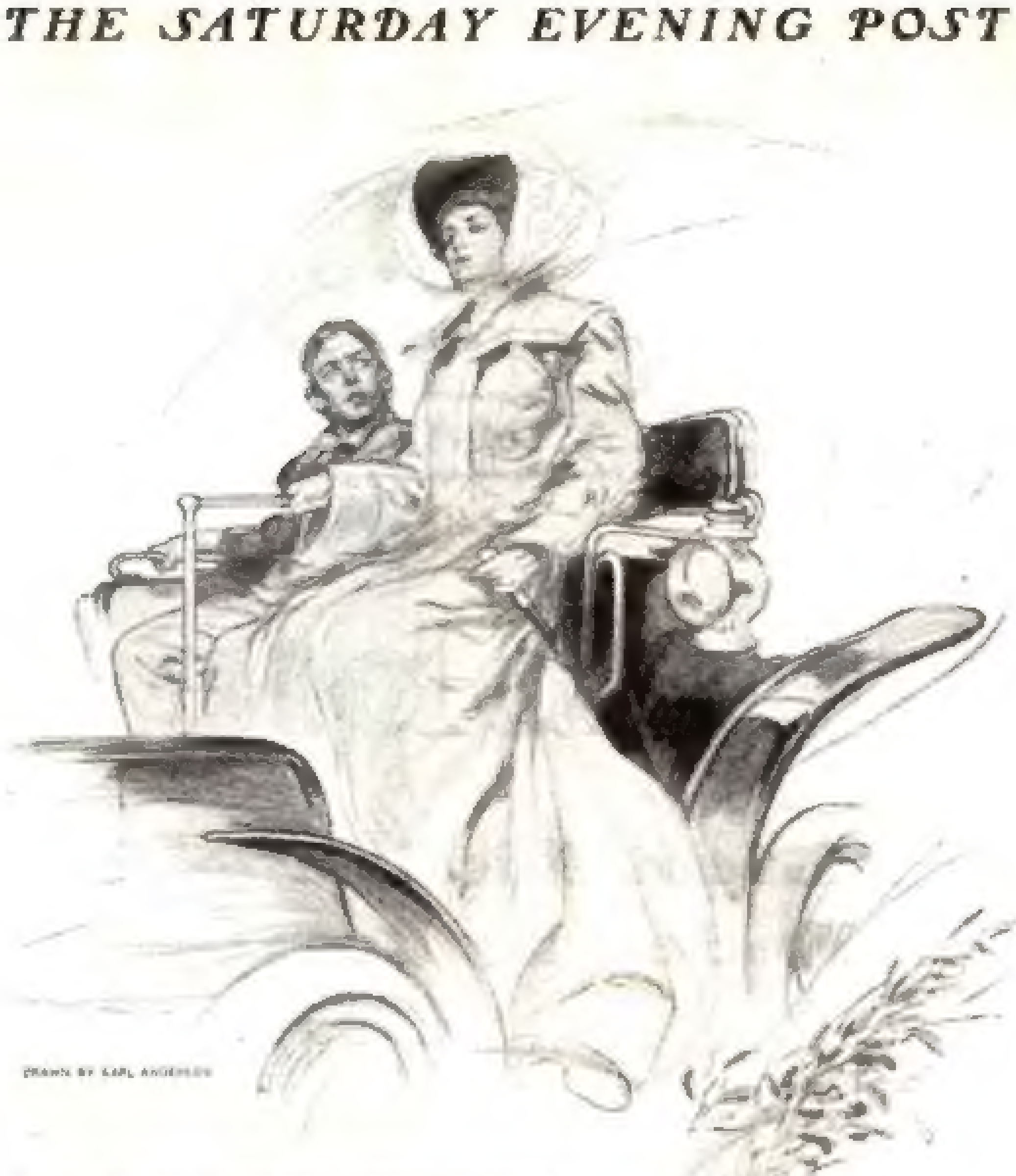
So that was how it was when Nelly and Harry started the Great Bubble Syndicate and wanted to take Morty and me into it as quarter shareholders each. But I wouldn't have joined in a heavenly chariot on those terms, and so we talked and talked till finally Morty was eliminated and we settled on a two-third and one-third basis. The next point was to choose the car, for it had to be a cheap car and we wanted to get the very best for our money. Harry said the Model E Fearless runabout at seven hundred and fifty was the bulliest little car on the market; and that the Fearless agent was so good and kind and looked so much like Henry Ward Beecher that you felt uplifted just to be with him; and that you knew instinctively that his car was sure to be the best car. A picture of the Fearless settled the matter, for it was a real little beauty—long in the chassis and very low, with wood artillery wheels, and guards and lamps thrown in for nothing. Harry said it had more power than it knew what to do with and was a bird on the hills, and that he had a friend who had a friend who owned one and swore by it. Afterward we met him and towed him nine miles, and what swearing he did was all the other way; however, I mustn't get ahead of the story, or anticipate, as they say in novels.

Getting two hundred and fifty dollars from Pa was the next step, and of all my automobiling experiences it was certainly the worst. He couldn't see it at all, though I caught him after dinner and sat on the arm of his chair and rubbed my cheek against his like the sunny-haired daughter on the stage. He ought to have reciprocated by doing the angel parent, but he talked horse-sense instead; how he couldn't afford to buy me a whole car, and how in his experience divided ownership always ended in the people hating one another ever afterward, and how dangerous automobiling was anyway, and how much nicer it would be to have a beautiful little horse! Then I gave him the iron-clad agreement. He put on his spectacles and read it, asking me not to breathe on his neck, as it tickled him. (How different real life is from the stage!) And he began to giggle at the second page; and at the third he could hardly go on; and finally, when Mamma came in and asked what was the matter, he couldn't speak at all, but got up and stamped about the room till you thought he was going



IT SEEMED TO ME THAT I DIDN'T MIND ANYTHING SO LONG AS HE WAS CLOSE TO ME to have a fit. Then he sat down again and wiped his eyes and asked as a favor whether he mightn't have a copy for himself. I said I might possibly manage it if he would come down with the two hundred and fifty.

Then he got kind of serious again; asked if I didn't know any cheaper way of being killed; said I might have appendicitis for the same money and be fashionable. When Pa is in the right humor he can tease awfully, and that agreement had set him off worse than I had ever remembered. But I stuck to my bubble and wasn't to be guyed out of the idea, and finally he lit a cigar and started in to bargain. Pa is the worst old skinflint in Connecticut, and never even gave me a box of peanut candy without getting a double equivalent. First of all I had to give up Lewis Wentz entirely; I wasn't to speak to him, or bow or bubble or dance or anything. I put up a good fight for Lewis Wentz — not that I cared two straws for him, now that I was going to have an automobile of my own, but just to head Pa off from grasping for more. I didn't want to be eaten out of house and home, you know, and I guess I am too much Pa's daughter to surrender more than I could help. It was well I did so, for on top of that I had to promise never to ride in any car except my own, and then he branched off into my giving up coffee for breakfast, going to bed at ten, only one dance a week, wearing flannel in winter, minding my mother more, and Heaven only knows what all! But I said that Lewis Wentz alone was worth two hundred and fifty, and that I'd draw on the other things when I needed money for repairs! Then Pa suddenly had a new notion and said he wanted to be in the thing, too; would take a quarter interest of his own; that we'd change the syndicate to fourths instead of thirds.



HE SAID HE HAD NEVER BEEN REALLY SCARED IN AN AUTOMOBILE BEFORE

I was almost too thunderstruck to speak. Think of hearing Pa saying he wished to buy in! It was like an Evangelist wanting to take shares in the Devil! I could only say "Pa!" like that, and gasp.

"I know I'm pretty old to change," he said. "But a fellow must keep up with the procession, you know. And I always liked the way they smelled!"

His eyes were dancing and I saw he meant mischief; but after all, the bubble was assured now, and that was the great thing. It wasn't till up to that moment that I felt really safe.

"I read here in the agreement," he went on, "that the automobile is taken in rotation by every member of the syndicate; and that when it's my day it's my day, and nobody can say a word or use it themselves, even if I don't care to."

"That's how we'll save any possibility of friction," I returned. "For instance, to-day it is absolutely my car; to-morrow it's yours; day after to-morrow it is Harry's; the day after that it's Nelly's — and if anything breaks on your day it's up to you to pay for it."

"Oh, I'm not going to break anything," said Pa with the satisfied look of a person who doesn't know anything about it.

"Don't you be too sure about that," I said. "I've been around enough with Lewis Wentz to know better."

"Well, you see," said Pa, "that depends how much you use your automobile. If you never take it out at all you eliminate most of the bothers connected with it!"

"Never take it out at all?" I cried.

"On my day it stays in the barn," he said.

I began to see now what he was smiling at. Wasn't it awful of him? He simply meant to tie it up for a quarter of the time!

"Now, Virgie," he said, "you mustn't think that I am not stretching a point to promise you what I have. It's too blamed dangerous and you're all the little girl I have. Well, if you must do it I am going to cut the risk by twenty-five per cent., and *my* automobile days will be blanks!"

I flared up at this. It's awful when your own father wants to do something you're ashamed of. It was such a dog-in-the-manger idea, too, and so unsportsmanlike. But nothing could shake Pa, though I tried and tried, and said things that ought to have pierced a rhinoceros. But Pa ran for governor once, and his skin's thicker. I felt almost sorry we hadn't taken in Morty Truslow instead — not really, you know, but just for the moment.

"How can I tell Harry and Nelly you're such a pig?" I said half crying.

"I am not a pig," said Pa, "though now I'm the next thing to it — an automobilist! And anyway, it's a straight business proposition. Take it or leave it!"

"Pa," I said, "if you'll stay out of it altogether I'll take it back about coffee for breakfast and not minding Mamma more."

"It's too late," he returned. "I've got the automobile fever now myself. For two cents I'd buy out Harry and Nelly and keep the red bug in the family!"

Certainly Pa has the most ingenious mind of anybody I know. He ought to have been in the Spanish Inquisition just to think up new torments. I don't wonder they like him so well on the Stock Exchange: he probably initiates new members and makes them ride goats. Anyway, nothing could change him about the automobile, and I closed the deal quick, lest he might carry out his other plan and absorb seventy-five per cent. of the syndicate's stock.

. . . .

The Fearless was even prettier than its picture, and there wasn't a runabout in town in the same class with it. Then our lessons began, which we took separately, because there was only room on the seat for two, and nobody wanted the other members of the syndicate to see him running into the curb or trying to climb trees. The agent turned out less like Henry Ward Beecher than Harry had thought, and it was sickening how he lost interest in us after he got his money. But he threw in a tooter for nothing and a socket-wrench, and in some ways lived up to the resemblance. He would not even take me out himself, but gave me in charge of a weird little boy we called the Gasoline Child. The Gasoline Child was about thirteen, and was so full of tools that he rattled when he walked, and I guess his head rattled, too — he knew so much about gas engines. He was the greasiest, messiest, grittiest and oiliest little boy that ever defied soap; and Harry always declared he was an automobile variety of codling-moth or Colorado beetle or June bug, who would wind up by spinning a cotton-waste cocoon in the centre of the machinery and hatch out a million more like himself. Perhaps he was too busy to start his happy home, for I never saw him at the garage but his little legs were sticking out of a bonnet, and you could hear him hammering inside and telling somebody to "Turn it over, will you?" or "Now try it that way, Bill!"

But with all the heaps he knew, the Gasoline Child was a good deal like the man who got rich by never spending anything. His knowledge was imbedded in him like gold in quartz; you could see it there all right, but couldn't take it out. He tried so hard to be helpful, too; would plunge his little paw into the greasy darkness below the seat and say: "That's a nut you ought to remember now — it works on the babbitt of the countershaft (or something of the kind) and you must see to it regular." Or, "Watch your valves, Miss, and be keerful they don't gum on you." Or, "Them commutators are often the seat of trouble, for oftentimes they wear down and don't break the spark right." When I'd grow dizzy with these explanations he would reassure me by saying that "I'd soon fall into it, like he did!" But I didn't fall into it nearly so well as I could have wished. On the contrary, the more I learned the more intricate the whole thing seemed to grow, and I looked forward to taking the car out alone by myself with the sensations of a prisoner about to be guillotined. Not that I had lost heart in automobilism. The elation of those rides was delicious. The little car ran with a lightness that was almost like flying; it was as buoyant, swift and smooth as a glorified sledge; one awoke with joy to the fact that the world contained a new and irresistible pleasure.

The Gasoline Child soon taught me to run it for myself. With him by my side I was as brave as a lion, and I took the corners and shaved eternity in a way to make him gasp. He said he had never been really scared in an automobile before, and he used to look at me with a ready-to-jump expression, as though I were a baby playing with a gun. You see, I had graduated on Lewis Wentz's steamer and a twenty-mile clip didn't feeze me any, though there were times when I'd forget which things to pull, and this always seemed to rattle his little nerves. It was strange, however, what a coward I was when I first went out by myself. There was no devil left in me at all, and I was certainly the crawly-crawliest bubbler you ever saw, and I teetered at street-car crossings till everybody went mad. It might have been worse than it was, though, for the only real trouble I had was chipping the tail off a milk wagon and ramming a silly horse on Eighth Avenue. When his friends helped him up (he had been standing still at the time, and I had forgotten the low gear always started with a jump) they said his front legs were barked five dollars' worth. I wouldn't have minded if *he* had got the five dollars, poor thing, for after ramming him once I became confused at the notoriety I attracted, and, instead of reversing, I threw in the high-speed clutch and rammed him some more! Oh, yes, he had some claim to have a kick coming, though all he did was to look at me reproachfully and then lie down. He was an Italian vegetable horse, and from the way his friends vociferated they must have thought a lot of him.

Of course, Harry and Nelly were taking their lessons, too, and getting into their individual scrapes in the intervals of my getting into mine. Pa was the only shareholder who never came to time, though he used to walk round to the garage on his days to make sure the bubble was home. He was awfully mean about his rights and explained the syndicate principle to Mr. Hoover, the head of the establishment, and tipped right and left so that there shouldn't be any doubt about the blanks being blanks. I tried to bluff Mr. Hoover once and take out the car on Pa's day, but I bumped into a regular stone wall. Pa had given everybody there a typewritten schedule with his days marked in red ink, and the whole thing had become the joke of the garage, till even the wipers grinned when the foreman would call out: "Syndicate car there for Miss Lockwood!"

In fact that car seemed to make everybody mean who was in the least way connected with it. I was a perfect pig myself, and Harry and Nelly were positively worse. It was one of our rules that the rider of the day should be answerable for any troubles or breakages that occurred when he (or she) was running the car. Naturally, there had to be some understanding of this kind, for personality counts a lot in automobiling, and often the chauffeur is more to blame than the machine. But it was awful what fibs it tempted us into, and how we were always "passing the buck," as they say in poker. Nelly got so treacherous that once she told me she didn't care to use the wagon that day, and would I like to? She had chewed up the bearings in the front wheels, and if I hadn't suspected her generosity and taken a good look beforehand it would have cost me six dollars!

I guess I wasn't any better myself, and quite a coolness sprang up all round.

The repair bills came to a good deal of money, and the eighteen dollars a month we paid at the garage was the least of the total. The Henry Ward Beecher agent had told Harry it cost a cent a mile to run a Fearless, but if he had said a dollar eighty he would have been nearer the mark. Mr. Hoover said cheerfully he only knew one person who had got automobiling down to bed-rock, and that was Pa! But for the rest of the syndicate it was their life's blood. It began to dawn on Harry and Nelly that they never could get married at all so long as they stayed in the combine. It had cost them all the money they had saved to come in, and now it was taking every cent they had to stay in. Nelly used to cry about it, though I never noticed that it made any difference in her taking out the car, which she did regularly, and wouldn't let me ride with her unless I paid a dollar each time in advance. She said she didn't know any other way of saving money.

Altogether, you wouldn't have known us for the same three people, we had all grown so horrid and changed and mercenary. Nelly was hankering to get married, while I was crazy to put in a radiator with a forced water circulation (ours was the silly old kind that boiled on you), and Harry wobbled the one way and the other as though he couldn't make up his mind — sometimes agreeing with her, and sometimes frantic for a radiator. It looked as though the Fearless was going to make it a lifelong engagement, and Harry said ruefully that their marriage was not only made in Heaven but would probably take place there. I should have felt sorrier for them if they hadn't been so horrid to me about it. From the way they talked you'd think I had started the syndicate idea myself and had lured them into it against their own better judgment. They were nasty about Pa, too, and said he was acting dishonorably with his blank days, and that as a new machine always had to be broken in and notoriously cost more the first year for repairs than ever afterward, he was meanly benefiting himself at our expense. Harry called it Pa's "unearned increment" and seemed to think it was an outrage.

They struck a whole row of troubles about this time, too — stripping a gear, losing a front wheel on Main Street, and winding up by fracturing the whole transmission into flinders. Nelly would hardly speak to me on the street, and the Gasoline Child told me they would be cheaply out of it at eighty dollars! Pa was the only person who didn't share the general depression. In fact he never seemed so happy as when the car was stripped in the shop and sure to stay there. He used to go round there occasionally and tell them they needn't hurry—and they didn't!

The new transmission was of a better model than the old one, and I foresaw I might have trouble about it with the syndicate. It would be just like Harry to talk about "unearned increment" and rope me in to pay part. But I still owed on my leather coat and wasn't in the humor to hand out a cent. What was the good of iron-clad agreements, anyway, if people didn't live up to them—and as for the transmission, I was quite satisfied with the old one till they broke it. So when Nelly came around one night, all smiles and friendliness, I suspected trouble and didn't kiss her very hard back. But she was in too high spirits to notice anything, and hugged me and hugged me till I inwardly relented ten dollars' worth on the transmission—for Nelly and I had been good chums before we went into the syndicate, and there was a time when we would have shared our last chocolate cream.

"Virgie, you can't guess!" she exclaimed, with her eyes dancing.

"The makers will do the right thing and won't charge for it?"

This brought her back to earth at once.

"It—it isn't the transmission at all," she said. "I am going to get married next month!"

"I thought they insisted that Harry had to save a thousand dollars first?"

"He's got it! He's got it!" she cried delightedly.

I was nearly as happy as she was, for it had looked terribly hopeless up till then, what with all the money they had put into the syndicate and the way the bubble was gobbling it up.

"Oh, Nelly, I am so glad," I said. "I'll put in that forced water circulation at once, and I'll make your and Harry's share of it a wedding present!"

"Oh, I'm out of the syndicate," she said. "I guess we'd prefer something for the flat."

"Out of the syndicate?" I cried.

"Yes," she returned brazenly. "Sold out!"

It took me a moment to pull myself together. I felt premonitions running all over me. I didn't feel so enthusiastic about their marriage as I had at first thought I was.

"Oh, Virgie, darling, you won't hate me?"

"Not till I hear more about it," I said.

She thought to make it up by squeezing my hands. But it wasn't squeezing that I wanted, it was facts. I drew away a bit and waited for them.

"Losing that front wheel was bad enough," she said, "especially as I went over the dashboard in my dotted muslin and Harry has limped ever since; but when the transmission broke it seemed as though it was both our hearts. Harry said we had come to a place where we had to choose between owning an automobile or getting married. It was perfectly plain we couldn't do both. He said he didn't want to influence me either way, but that there was no good drifting on and on deceiving ourselves and thinking it would all come right. Of course, when he put it to me like that the bubble wasn't in it—and so we towed home for the last time and Harry went around to close out our interest in the syndicate."

She paused here and looked at me quite frightened.

"Around where exactly?" I demanded.

"Well," she went on, "your father was always dropping hints that he would buy us out at the price we paid, and so Harry went to his office and tried to make a deal. But your father said it wasn't reasonable to expect him to pay for the new transmission, too—and as Harry didn't want to, and couldn't, the whole thing hung fire till Harry ran into Morty Truslow on the street.

"Morty offered him a thousand dollars right off for his half interest," continued Nelly. "You know how free-handed he is, and rich, and Harry just jumped at it and walked off with the check."

"But you only paid half of seven hundred and fifty dollars in the first place!" I exclaimed.

"Well, you see," said Nelly, "that car has gone up since. It's 'appreciated,' as Harry calls it. And then just think what a fortune it has stood us in for repairs!"

"It's the most horrid, mean, treacherous thing one person ever did to another!" I cried. "You know I wouldn't speak to Morty Truslow if he had the only screwdriver in the world and I was carbonized on a country road. I think you have acted detestably, and so has he, and I consider it downright caddish for him to buy a half interest in anything I'm connected with."

"Oh, Virgie, you don't know how bad he feels," said Nelly. "He told me he has just been breaking his heart, and that you wouldn't answer his letters or anything, and if you'd only let him talk for fifteen minutes he'd explain everything and you'd take him back."

"I won't take him back," I said.

"He wears a little flower you gave him next his heart," continued Nelly, "and when he speaks about you it is with the tears in his eyes, and if you weren't made of flint and rock-candy you'd feel so sorry for him you couldn't sleep!"

"What did he offer you to say all this, Nelly?" I demanded.

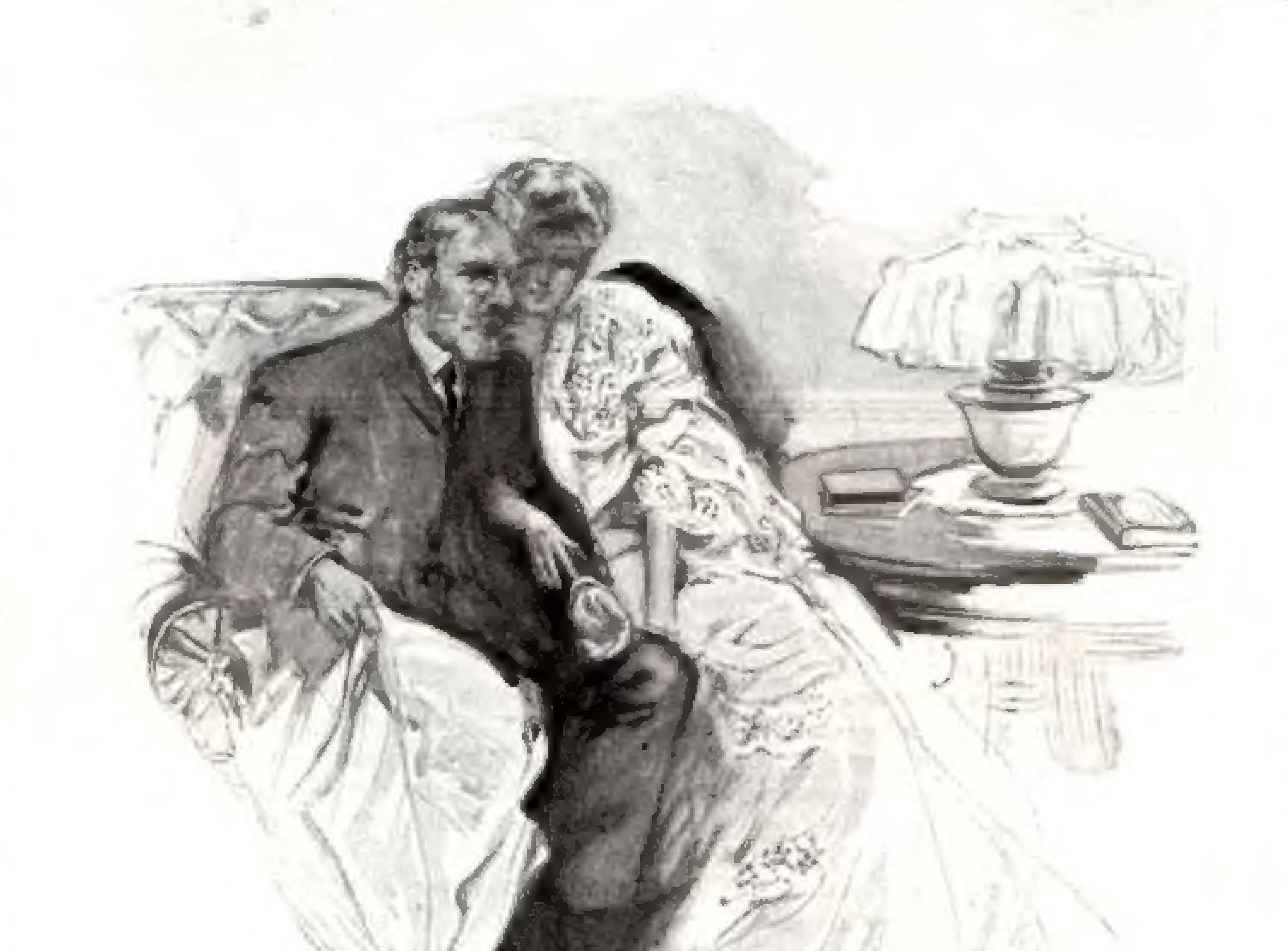
"Only a pearl horseshoe," she returned, quite unabashed. "Said I might choose it myself at Helve's if I could persuade you to give him a fifteen-minutes' talk."

"I'm sorry about the pearl horseshoe," I said ironically, "but you might as well give up the idea of it right now. And if he talked forty times fifteen minutes it wouldn't make the least difference in the world. He thinks he's so handsome and well off and so many girls crazy about him that he only has to whistle for you to come!"

"If it wasn't for Harry—*I* would," she said; "that is, if he whistled loud enough and there wasn't too much of a crowd thinking he meant *them!* Oh, Virgie, it's just like Faversham to hear him talk, and I can't think how anybody could be such a little fool as to say no!"

"If you call that being a little fool I guess I am," I said, "though for a year he was the one man in my life, and if it hadn't been for Mrs. Gettridge—well, it's all off now, and it's going to stay off, and his owning half the bubble won't make the least difference!"

"But you'll come to my wedding and be one of the bridesmaids?" she pleaded; "and you won't blame me too much for getting out of the syndicate as I did? I knew it wasn't right and I felt awful—but then Harry and I couldn't have managed otherwise, and it takes years and years to save a thousand dollars!" She looked so sweet and pitiful and contrite as she said this that I forgave her everything and hugged her till she choked. It seemed a shame to spoil her happiness with reproaches, and I couldn't but think how I'd have felt myself if it had been Mor——. Not that I cared a row of pins for him now, and would have despised myself if I did—but everybody has moments of looking back—and girls are such fools, anyway. And, of course, deep down somewhere I was pleased that he still cared.



BUT HE TALKED HORSE-SENSE INSTEAD

. . . .

I felt quite twittery when I first went to the garage after that, for I thought Morty might pop out at me from somewhere, and though I wasn't afraid to meet him and would have cut him if I had, it would inevitably be embarrassing and upsetting. But he had the good taste to stay away on my days and I never saw as much as a pin-feather of him. But he was awfully artful, even if he didn't let himself be seen, and the things he did to the car went straighter to my heart than words he could have spoken. He put in a radiator, a new battery with a switch, three twisted cowhide baskets, two fifty-dollar acetylene lamps, an odometer, a spark-gap, a little clock on the dashboard, and changed the tooter for a splendid French horn. My repair bills, too, stopped as though by magic, and the bubble ran so well I guess people must have sat up nights with it! The engine would start at the half turn of the crank; the clutches were adjusted to a hair; she speeded up to thirty now on the open throttle, which she had never done before except in the advertisement. She was the showiest, smartest, fastest little car in town, and when she miraculously went into red leather, edged with gold stampings, people used to fall over one another on the street. I believe those two months were the happiest months of my life. It was automobile Heaven, and if it hadn't been for Pa's blanks and Morty's half interest I should have been deliriously happy every day instead of every fourth.

I can't think how it happened, but finally I got confused and lost count. I had been away at my grandmother's for a week and somehow that threw me out. But it was a Thursday afternoon, I remember, and a beautiful autumn day, and I walked along to the garage with that delicious feeling of anticipation—that tingle of happiness to come—that made my heart bound with love of the little red wagon. (The horse, for all his prancing and social position, never roused a sensation like that and never will.) I dodged a big touring car coming out, and then went in on the floor to order my car. I was just telling Bert to get it out when I turned around and there was Morty sitting in it not four feet away from me. He had his cap on and his leather coat, and I saw at once I had made a terrible mistake. Before I could even think what to do he saw my predicament and leaped out, insisting that I should take his place. I murmured something about being sorry and tried to move away, but he caught my arm and wouldn't let me go. He was so eager and excited and made such a scene that I allowed myself to be bundled into the car rather than attract everybody's attention—for there were a lot of people looking on. Bert started up the engine, and I was just engaging the low-gear clutch when Morty gave me such a look that I stopped dead. It seemed too horribly mean to rob him of his afternoon . . . besides, when you've been awfully in love with a man . . . and his face . . .

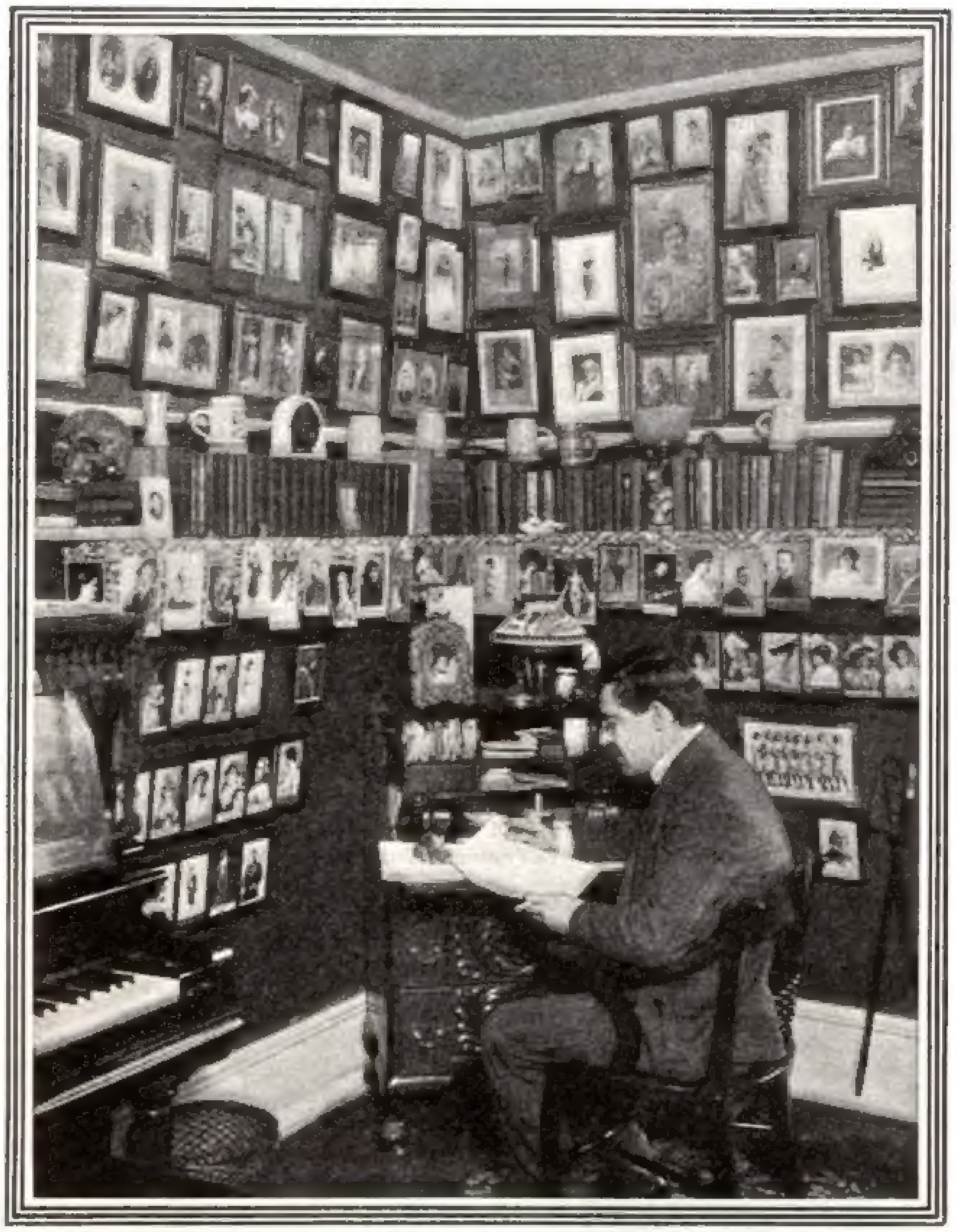
"Mr. Truslow," I said, speaking loud, so as not to be drowned by the engine, "if you'll promise on your honor not to speak a single word to me—you can come, too!" I had to say it twice before he understood, and then didn't he bound in! I suppose it was an awfully reckless thing to do, for whatever they say about absence making the heart grow fonder, sitting close is lots more dangerous, and I began to feel all my pride and determination oozing out of my shoes. It came over me in waves that I loved him better than ever, and I stole little sideways peeps at him—and every peep seemed to make it worse. He belonged to a splendid type—I had to admit that, even if I didn't forgive him—big, clear-eyed, ruddy and broad-shouldered—and there was something tremendously compelling and manly about him that seemed to sweep you off your feet. This only made me hate him the more, for I didn't see how I could ever love anybody else, and it's dreary for a girl to have only a single man in her life and not even be on speaking terms with that one! It leaves her with no outlook or anything, and one might as well be dead right off. But you can't be long miserable in a bubble even if you try—that is, if it is running nicely, developing full power and you have a fat, rich spark—and though I looked as cold and distant as I could, secretly I think I never was so happy in my life.

Morty behaved properly for quite a while—much longer, in fact, than I could have believed possible. Then he brought out a pencil and began to write things on the back of an envelope. I never moved an eyelash and didn't seem to understand at all till he handed me what he had written. I promptly tore it up and threw it away. But he found another envelope and did it again, this time holding to it tight and moving it before my eyes. It nearly ditched the car, for I was running with an open throttle and the grade was in our favor. Then he bent over and kissed my cloth sleeve. I pulled up short and gave him the choice of either getting out or comporting himself like a civilized being. He indicated that he would try to do the latter, though he looked awfully savage and folded his arms, and moved as far away from me as the seat would allow. I didn't care—besides, he was safer that way than when he was nice—and so I just looked cross, too, and speeded up.

I laid out about a twenty-five-mile spin, cutting Deering Avenue midway, and branching off where the Italians are working at the new trolley, toward Menlo, Hatcherly and the road through the woods. We turned at the Trocadero, climbed the long hill, and took the river drive home. You know how steep it is, the river miles below and nothing but the sheerest wall on the other side. But there's no finer road

(Continued on Page 31)

Little Tales of Some Autographed Photographs—By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr. (Karl)


FROM FLOOR TO CEILING THE PICTURES STRETCH

"GET a picture to go with the interview," the city editor would say, and after a chat with the great actor or actress I'd ask for two pictures—one for the paper, the other, with an autograph, for myself.

That's how the collection started. When a dozen had been gathered together they were framed—always so the autograph would show—for the autograph enhanced the picture and the picture the autograph.

Then when dramatic editorship was the next step up the ladder, the growing acquaintanceship with actor folk stimulated the collecting. The pictures and the autographs stood for the personal relationship—for friendships; and the collection kept on growing.

To-day, from floor to ceiling, on four sides of the den wall (and it's rather a big den at that) the pictures stretch; and not content with the den wall, they sprawl into the hall, overrun the door, hang from draperies and bookcases. There are upward of 800 of them—about 500 of them autographed, about 350 of them framed.

Of course, there are stories connected with them and their getting—oddities of signatures, of the phrase that precedes the signature. From Chauncey Olcott's "Yours in Irish, Chauncey Olcott," to Jeff de Angelis' "Photographically Yours," they run the scale of "Yours," "Sincerely," "Faithfully," "Cordially," "Best Wishes," "Compliments of," and so on.

Most of the autographed photographs were given in person, but many of them came as a result of a note to the actor or actress.

Caruso, the tenor, evidently thought I was in a tearing, maddening hurry, for in answer to a little note to him asking him to send me an autographed photograph for my reference file "at his very early pleasure," my doorbell was harshly jangled at ten minutes of midnight, and by special delivery came the great tenor's autographed picture. Evidently he thought it was necessary to the publication of next day's paper.

When Jerome Sykes was in Philadelphia last fall I ran behind the scenes to tell him I'd no signed picture of him. "My signed picture won't do you a bit of good until I'm dead," he said; "and then it won't do me a bit of good, even if you do run it in a paper." He scribbled "Sincerely, Jerome Sykes" on the picture, and handing it over, said: "Now, be sure and put a nice black border around it and say pretty things. I always did look well in black."

Four weeks later he died of pneumonia in Chicago—and I used the picture.

There are two pictures of Cissie Loftus in the collection. One was taken some years ago when she was doing imitations of well-known actresses, and she signed the picture "Cissie Loftus." A year ago she sent another picture. She was Mr. Sothern's leading woman then, and the picture was signed "Cecelia Loftus."

Shakespeare to the contrary, there must be something in a name, after all.

Dear old Mrs. Gilbert is in her eighty-third year, and may be excused if at times she nods.

The day after she received my request she sent an autographed photograph accompanied by a little note: "This is the last and only picture I have," she wrote, "but you're very welcome to it." Three days later came another picture—and another note: "I am very glad," she wrote, "to accede to your request of four days ago, and to send you a picture."

The dear old lady had forgotten the sending of the first picture and the first note.

A Neat Phrase of Appreciation

ADA LEWIS (she came into prominence some years ago as the originator of "the tough girl" in one of the Harrigan shows) sent her picture a few weeks ago when she was in Philadelphia with The Darling of the Gods company. Coming into the den a few days after the arrival of her picture she clapped her hands rapturously. "Oh, I'm so glad that you've put me where you have—right next to Mrs. Gilbert. It's an inspiration to be near that dear, sweet old gentlewoman—even in a photograph."

Could artistic appreciation be more neatly phrased?

Mrs. Langtry, some years ago, had the pertest and most self-satisfied private secretary it has fallen to my luckless lot to meet. The aforesaid private secretary was a woman—very English in type and with a sense of humor that would move a stubborn mule. "Oh," she said with a giggle, "you want an autographed photograph, do you? Well, look here"—and she fished in Mrs. Langtry's desk until she found a pile of photographs. "Now, watch me autograph them," said the coy thing, and she scribbled "Lily Langtry" on half a dozen of them.

"I always autograph her photographs for her," she smirked, "and no one knows the difference. Which one do you want—the one with the big head and white feathers, or the full length?"

I told her I'd wait until I saw the Jersey Lily's own massive scrawl across the picture, as autographs by proxy, somehow or other, never struck me as genuine.

"Oh, but this is," she said seriously, "for I write exactly as she does."

I think I hurt her feelings by not taking one of the pictures, and told Langtry so the next day.

"Oh, that's a hobby of hers," said the English beauty; "why not let her ride it?"

So I went back and humbly asked the private secretary for one of her autographs of Langtry. She was very grateful, indeed—and so was the office boy when I gave him the photograph an hour later.

About ten or twelve years ago Alexander Salvini and I struck up a great friendship on shipboard. He was going home to spend his vacation in Italy. "I have only one photograph with me," he said, "and it isn't in very good condition. Do you want that—or will you wait until I get back to the States and I'll send you a better one?"

I told him I'd take the battered one and run the risk of getting a better one later.

So he brought the picture into the smoking-room, wrote on it, "Affectionately, Alexander Salvini," and passed it over.

I never received another one, for Salvini did not come back to the States. He died that summer.

Ellen Terry was so bothered by autograph hunters that she put a price on her signature. She charged a shilling for every Ellen Terry she wrote for autograph hunters, and with the money thus accumulated founded a free bed in a London hospital—at least, so the story runs. Whether she makes an exception in favor of the impecunious newspaper man or not I'm not prepared to say. Certain it is, however, that my note to her for her signed photograph met with a prompt and satisfactory response—and there was no bill inclosed.

Eleanora Duse may not charge, but—well, here's the story:

Not being able to write or speak Italian, I asked Manager Frank Howe, Jr., at whose Garrick Theatre, in Philadelphia, Duse was playing, to get me an autographed picture of the gifted Italian. A few days later the picture was received, and I wrote Howe a note of thanks. His reply was laconic: "You owe me forty cents. Too long to write why. Come around."

I saw him and refused to disgorge forty cents until I knew the reason. "Before Duse left Italy," he said, "she signed a contract with one of her countrymen to give him the sole right to sell her pictures. The chap travels with the company and hawks the photographs. I wanted some of the pictures for the papers, but nary a one could I get until her picture man arrived in town. Her manager didn't have a blessed one—said they were too expensive, and he couldn't afford to buy one. Through an interpreter I told Duse that I wanted an autographed picture for you, and she said that if I gave her forty cents she'd buy one of her photographs from the picture chap and then autograph it for nothing. And this she did.

"I'm not making any money on the transaction," concluded Howe. "The autograph's thrown in for nothing; but you must disgorge forty cents for the picture, for I paid it to Duse, and she paid it to her picture man, and you must pay me. It's a roundabout way, perhaps—but the autograph's free, and there's some satisfaction in that."

Duse hasn't played in Philadelphia since. For the picture man made more money by selling her photographs on that tour than the great tragedienne did by her wonderful acting.

The grand opera folk are rather chary concerning the giving of their photographs with autographic accompaniments. You must know them from the personal side, and a mere note meets, as a rule, with a chilling silence. Possibly from their viewpoint, from a petted pinnacle, the great unvoiced are puny things; and with the exception of Caruso and his midnight special, the grand opera singers whose autographed faces gaze from my den walls gave me their pictures personally and did not send. There's Emma Eames, for instance; Fritzi Scheff (now gone from the fold and in the "comic" ranks), Emma Calvé, Scotti, Pol Plançon, Lillian Nordica, Milka Ternina, Edouard de Reszké, whose photographs have no qualifying phrase; Marguerite Lemon, who prefaces with "In all Sincerity"; Louise Homer, who pens "Sincerely"; Marcella Sembrich, with "In remembrance"; and Zélie de Lussan and Johanna Gadski, who write after their names "A Souvenir."

Next Week Never Comes

MELBA has written no less than half a dozen letters saying that she'll send the photograph "next week." She began this delightful fiction three years ago—and hasn't changed her mind a particle. It was "next week" then, it is "next week" yet. And if, as the French say, to-morrow never comes, how much further than to-morrow is "next week"?

None but a grand opera star could figure it out.

Dorothy Usner about five years ago was considered the most photographed actress in the United States. Being photographed was a positive mania with her. No sooner would she arrive in a town—even if it was only a one-night stand—than she would hie herself to a photographer and look pleasant. She told me that she'd been photographed 563 times and was merely getting her second wind. When I asked for an autographed picture she spread out such a collection on her bureau, trunk, chair and table that I made a wild stab as to which one I wanted by telling her the sixty-seventh picture counting from the door.

So she autographed that one — and sent around to my office nine more the next day with a note that she thought they were better pictures of her than the one I had selected.

She told me that she'd once read an article by a Yale professor that the human face was capable of 55,000,000 expressions, and that she wanted a photograph of every expression her face was capable of producing. The last time I met her she was 54,999,437 photographs short.

When Pauline Hall was in Philadelphia last January she tried to purloin one of my pictures. It was a big picture — about twelve by sixteen inches — and hung in the centre of the north wall of the den. Unfortunately it was not autographed, but as I had a smaller picture of the original Erminie, and this was autographed, I kept the big picture more for ornament. But when she came to town I took the photograph from its frame, called on her and asked her to sign her name on the plump arm.

"I want that picture," she cried, "and you can't get out of this room alive with that portrait in your possession. Why, it's ten years since that was taken, and I never saw a better likeness. I won't sign it, and you can't take the picture away."

After half an hour a compromise was effected. I was to hunt up the photographer who took the photograph, and see if the negative was still in existence. If it was Miss Hall was to be given a print; if the negative was destroyed my obligation ceased.

So on the plump arm of the wished-for picture was signed "With good wishes, Pauline Hall" — and she added, parenthetically, that the "good wishes" were for my success in getting her another picture.

But the photographer had accidentally smashed the big negative six years before. I wrote the cheering news to Miss Hall on deep mourning paper to show her I could fittingly appreciate her feelings.

One night, about three years ago, Gus and Max Rogers each had a photograph ready for me.

"Haven't you one picture in which you both appear?" I asked.

"Never had 'em taken that way," said Max.

"But you're the Rogers Brothers — why not a picture showing you as inseparables?"

"Good scheme," said Gus. "We'll have the picture taken this week."

The next week I received a big photograph of the two brothers. Gus had written "Sincerely" above his picture, Max "Yours Very Truly" above his.

The "most autographed" (that's an odd phrase, but it's good English) in the collection is that of the Pony Ballet. There are eight young women in this picture, and each girl has her autograph — four of them signing at the head, four at the feet. Since the picture was taken — about three years ago — two of the girls have died, two are married, and one has gone back to her home in England. But the remaining three picked up five more girls somewhere or other, and they're still going around the country as the original Pony Ballet.

You may break, you may shatter, the octet at will,
But the name Pony Ballet will cling to them still.

Fully one hundred of the pictures have no qualifying phrase before them. Irving, Terry, Jefferson, Bernhardt, Coquelin, Sothern, Mrs. Fiske, Dixey, Anna Held, Gillette, Duse, Hawtrey, Georgia Cayvan, James A. Herne and Mrs. Potter are among this class.

Then there are others: for instance, the one of Lewis Morrison, who is fond of playing Mephisto — he signs "Your friend, The Devil."

Go-won-go-Mohawk, the Indian actress, very cleverly signs her picture "Aboriginally Yours." Ching Ling Foo has a mass of Chinese characters. They may be complimentary — they may be cuss words. Olga Nethersole sent a beautiful picture of herself as Carmen, and underneath it she has written "'Tis Carmen — *not* Olga Nethersole." Then, too, there's a picture of Reginald de Koven showing him without a cigarette, either in his mouth or in his hand. I believe this is the only picture of its kind in the world, and I prize it accordingly.

A Picture with a Story

THERE'S one picture in the den that has more "story" in it — more interest and more pathos — than any other. And it's only the photograph of a little ballet girl hanging among all the great player folk of the world — tragedians, comedians, grand opera stars, people who are known throughout the civilized world for what they have accomplished, because they stand as leaders in their particular kind of endeavor.

And yet this little ballet girl's picture hangs quite alone in its own sad little way.

It is the picture of Nellie Reed, of the ill-fated Bluebeard company. She was the only one of that big organization who lost her life behind the scenes in the Iroquois Theatre fire. All the other actors and actresses managed to get out safely.

But Nellie Reed didn't.

In January of last year the company played in Philadelphia. Nellie Reed was the première of the ballet, and the show was The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast. She was dressed as a blackbird and would be lowered from the flies by a wire around her waist. But her *tour de force* was when she would float through the air. Five wires were necessary to accomplish this — one under each arm, one at each heel, and one at the waist.

The night she wrote "Yours Sincerely, Nellie Reed" on her picture I asked her if she never felt timid concerning the breaking of the wires some time.

"Dear, no," she answered with her broad English accent. "I've had my palm read by any number of gipsies in the old country, and I've always asked them if I'd be killed by a fall — for I've done aërial work all my life. And all the gipsies have told me that I'd never die that way — though they've never told me just what way. I don't think it nice to know the way you're going to die, do you?"

And the gipsies were right for Nellie Reed did not fall to her death.

According to a little Italian girl in the chorus, Nellie Reed was on the fourth tier of dressing-rooms on that day the Iroquois Theatre caught fire. The octet that sings In the Pale Moonlight was then on the stage, and Nellie Reed's aerial work followed the octet. The little dancer was all harnessed — five wires were attached to her. Then the fire broke out. Nellie Reed could not unfasten the harness, for it was attached from the back. She screamed for help but no one heeded. Then the flames reached her. The boy who ran the elevator back of the scenes bravely went up for the girl and managed to break such portions of the harness as were not burned away.

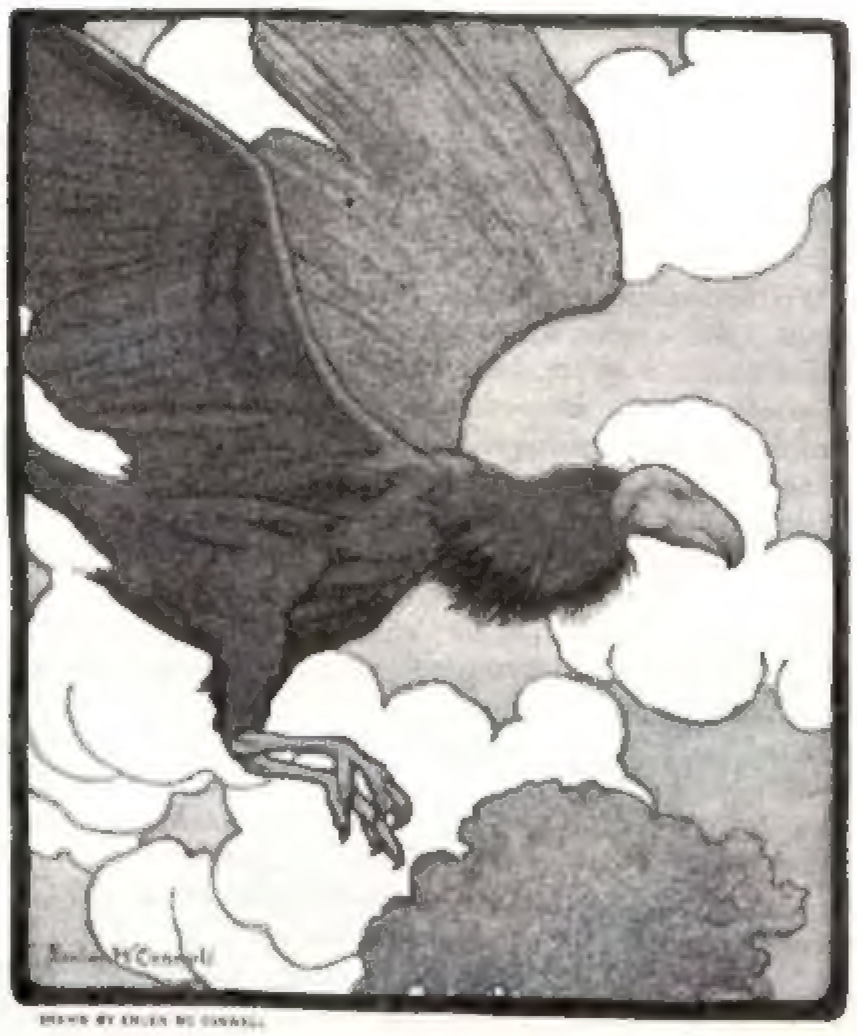
I don't know if she died that night or early the next morning.

And she was such a little mite of a girl — hardly came to a chap's shoulder.

But the gipsies told the truth.

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

Why the Buzzard's Head is Bald—By Joel Chandler Harris



DRAWN BY EMLEN MC CONNELL

T-u, Turkey, t-u, ti,
T-u, Turkey Buzzard's eye!
You kin see her a-sailin' way up in de sky!
Ef she wuz ter shet her wings an' fall
You'd see fer yo'se'f dat 'er head is bal';
P-o, Peter, P-o, pan!
Her head des ez bal' ez de pa'm er yo' han',
An' a mighty good reason — but dat's a tale,
Ez de 'possum said ter de slippery rail.

Br'er Rabbit, in dem days, wuz monstus gay,
An' he had bofe a home an' a place fer ter stay
Ef he yever git cotch out night er day;
He fin' 'im a poplar wid two big rooms
Dat Miss Breezy keep clean wid 'er bran'-new brooms,
An' he grabbled a place whar he kin hide,
An' sleep wid bofe eyes open wide;
He lick his chops, an' he wash his face,
Wid, "Uv all de places dish yer's de place!"

Now, he been agwine dar fer some little time,
An' 'twuz all so quiet dat he liked it prime,
An' he feel like singin' a ol'-time hime:
But one day, whiles he pirootin' roun',
A-huntin' fer dat what never is foun',
Ol' Miss Buzzard she come a-struttin' by,
An' view de holler fum de cornder er her eye;
She been a-huntin' a place fer 'er nes',
An' er all de places she like dis de bes'.

She grinned a grin an' she clucked a cluck,
Wid, "Laws-a-massy! what luck! what luck!"
An' she laugh an' laugh twel her top-knot shuck;
Den in she went wid a swish an' a flop,
Wid a spraddlin' walk, an' a hippity-hop;
She look ter de eas', she look ter de wes',
An' wid 'lev'm little splinters built her nes';
A han'ful er trash an' a bunch er fuzz —
She whirl 'roun' twice, an' dar she wuz!

Bimeby Br'er Rabbit come a-lopin' in,
Ez smooth ez silk, an' slicker dan sin,
A-chawin' his terbacker wid a chuckle an' a grin;
'Twuz dark ez flugens, an' yit 'twan't long
'Fo' Br'er Rabbit know'd dat sump'n wuz wrong;
'Twuz, "Somebody been here, an' I ain't glad,
Kase, whoever 'twuz, dey breff mighty bad!"
Miss Buzzard she kinder squirm on her nes',
Kaze she got de idee she's good ez de bes'.

Br'er Rabbit he slap his foot on de flo,
Wid, "I dunner who 'twuz, but what I does know
Is, he better hunt de doctor wharsomever he go!"
"Oh, thanky, Br'er Rabbit!" sez Miss Buzzard, se' she,
"De way you make frien's sholy 'stonishes me;
Ef you don't watch out you'll lose yo' meat!"
"Not whiles I kin wiggle all er my feet!"
Sez ol' Br'er Rabbit, an' den he wheeze —
"I bet you a thrip I'm gwineter sneeze!"
He try ter hol' in, but he snoze an' he snoze,
An' he work his years, an' he wiggle his nose,
Wid, "Dis gits wusser de furder it goes!"
Well, time loped on, an', when her aigs hatch,
Miss Buzzard she sho' had ter grub an' scratch,
Ez de sayin' is, but de grubbin' she done
Wuz de kinder grubbin' dot wa'n't much fun;
An' her chillun wuz greedy; ter hear der cries
You'd a-thunk dey wuz starvin' right 'fo' yo' eyes!

Miss Buzzard much'd um up, an' talk mighty sweet,
An' promise um a dinner er right fresh meat —
Br'er Rabbit he chuckle, "Ez good ez wheat!
But de j'inin' holler will des fit me,
An' I'll set in dar whar I kin see."
An' he sot so still, you'd a-thunk he wuz sleep,
An' he fool Miss Buzzard when she come ter peep;
So she stop up de holler wid mud an' sticks —
But ol' Br'er Rabbit know'd all er her tricks.

She named his name, but he lay back an' sno',
An' do like he ain't gwineter wake no mo',
An' den she say, "You're my meat, sho!"
Br'er Rabbit he 'low, "Oh, please'm le' me out!
You say you won't? Wall, I think you mought,
In 'membunce er ol' times, well ez de new;
Ef you won't you won't, so it's good-by ter you!"
An' den he went slippin' outer his back-do',
An' he lef' Miss Buzzard a-walkin' er de flo'.

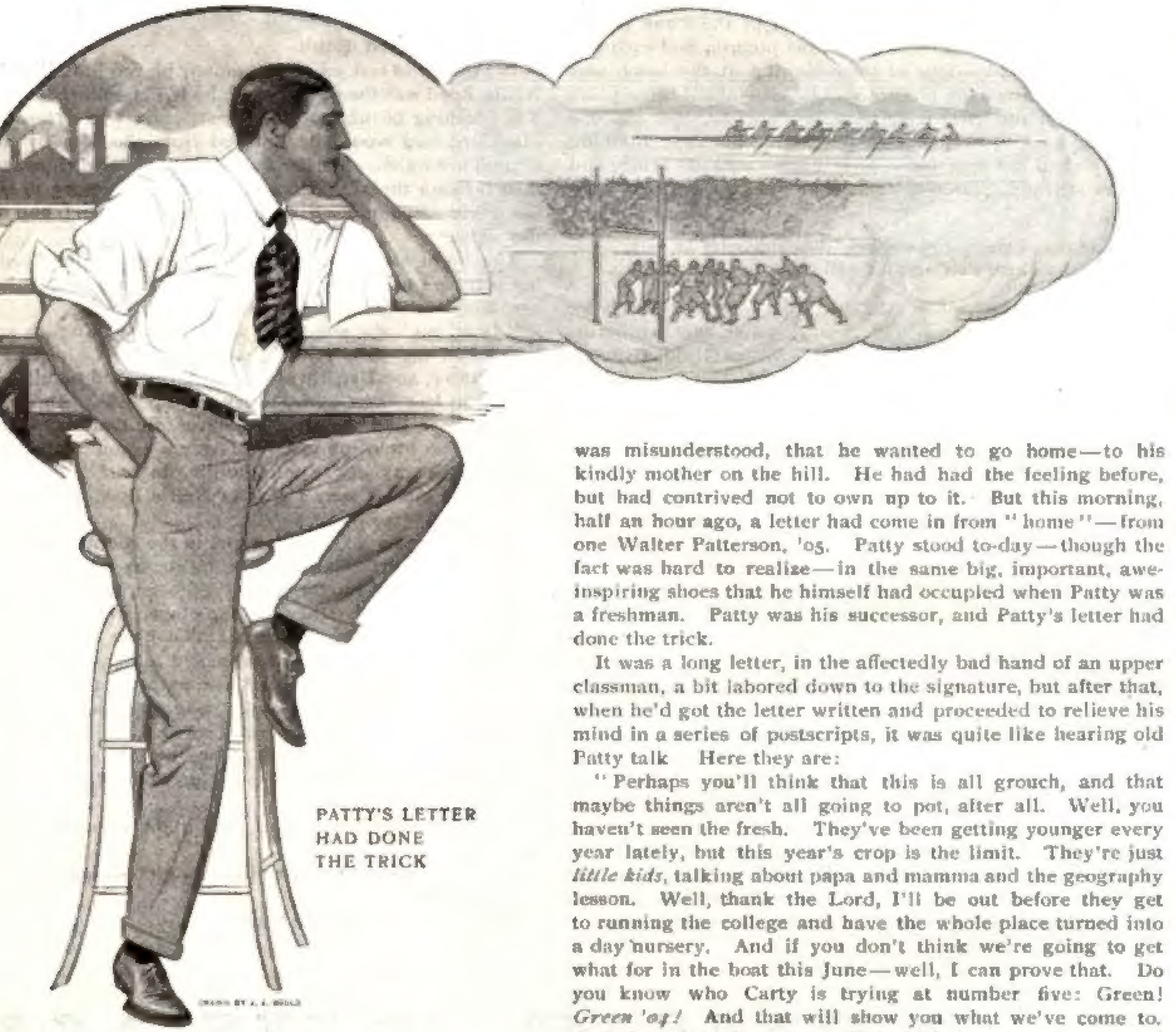
When Br'er Rabbit runs he sho' is a flyer,
An' he put out ter whar Mr. Man had a fier
Fer ter burn off de new groun' brush an' brier,
An' he got 'im a pan er red-hot embers,
De sort what warms you in de col' Decembers;
An' den he run home ez hard ez he kin,
Wid, "Oh, Miss Buzzard! Pleas'm le' me in!"
She flew'd right at 'im, wid wing an' claw,
An' he plunked de embers on her jaw!

An' on her neck! an' on her head!
An' in her house! an' on her bed!
An' dey scorched her so dat her eye got red!
An' she flung a flutter, an' she fetched a squall,
"Laws-a-massy, Br'er Rabbit! you burnin' me bal'!"
An' fum dat day ter dis, bofe fur an' wide,
Whar de Buzzards had top-knots it's mos'ly hide!

The Matter With Carpenter

A Story of the First Year Out of College

By H. K. Webster



PATTY'S LETTER HAD DONE THE TRICK

THE steam-pipes were still blistering hot and the little water-hammers still pounded and reverberated inside them, just as they had done all winter, but the windows in the big drafting-room were all open at least an inch or two, and the moist, warm, seductive breath of April was coming in. Sometimes it came softly like a kiss, sometimes boisterously like a burst of laughter, tugging the great sheets of tracing-paper away from the thumbtacks, rolling hexagonal drawing-pencils off the tables and breaking their points, proclaiming in a score of ways that it was time to quit work and to come out and play. She was not the country April, to be sure — the April of the early blossom and moist, new-turned earth, of the crowing cock and the lowing cattle — but like a fallen sister of hers, an April in grime and tatters, the April of a pounding, clanging, smoke-belching city. But her song was not the less seductive for that.

One of the windows, to the huge discomfort of some who sat near it, was flung wide open, and before it, in his shirt sleeves, sat a youngster of twenty-two years. You would not have needed the somewhat intimate view of him that his soft linen shirt afforded to recognize him for an athlete, and the fine grain of his skin and the symmetry of his body told plainly enough that sport and not labor had developed it. And if something about his manner, even as he sat there gazing out of the window, had not been a sure enough guide, his clothes, particularly his necktie, which was riotously exuberant without being vulgar, would have classified him for you unmistakably as a college boy.

The joyous, care-free expression of his necktie contrasted strongly with the look in the boy's face. He was frowning hard, but the frown was only half-hearted, superficial, a mask for the real expression in his face. He was staring out the open window, across a vacant cinder-covered path, over the top of the locomotive roundhouse, over a smoky half-mile of factory roofs and chimneys, out to where everything ended in the smudge; and what he saw was a stretch of water, a boathouse, and a landing with the little waves slapping and snapping at it, and a crowd of big, obedient chaps and one fiery, domineering little one circumspectly putting the eight-oar practice shell into the water. If you could have stood between him and this picture and have looked him straight in the eyes you could have seen beneath the frown; you could have discovered that the boy was homesick.

And he knew it. Calling himself a fool and urging himself not to act like a freshman did no good. There it was — the big lump of lead pressing on the pit of his stomach, the conviction in his head that none of the gears fitted, that he was misunderstood, that he wanted to go home — to his kindly mother on the hill. He had had the feeling before, but had contrived not to own up to it. But this morning, half an hour ago, a letter had come in from "home" — from one Walter Patterson, '05. Patty stood to-day — though the fact was hard to realize — in the same big, important, awe-inspiring shoes that he himself had occupied when Patty was a freshman. Patty was his successor, and Patty's letter had done the trick.

It was a long letter, in the affectedly bad hand of an upper classman, a bit labored down to the signature, but after that, when he'd got the letter written and proceeded to relieve his mind in a series of postscripts, it was quite like hearing old Patty talk. Here they are:

"Perhaps you'll think that this is all grouch, and that maybe things aren't all going to pot, after all. Well, you haven't seen the fresh. They've been getting younger every year lately, but this year's crop is the limit. They're just *little kids*, talking about papa and mamma and the geography lesson. Well, thank the Lord, I'll be out before they get to running the college and have the whole place turned into a day nursery. And if you don't think we're going to get what for in the boat this June — well, I can prove that. Do you know who Carty is trying at number five: Green! *Green '04!* And that will show you what we've come to. And that ain't the worst: He's had to put me in your old leathers at stroke. When I think how you most killed me last June, in the last half-mile, and how I saw your old back coming up at me like clockwork out of the mist — and that was all I could see — well, it just makes me sick. And to have Green splashing around like a boy in swimming behind! Lord! W. P.

"P. S. I've asked Evelyn on for commencement and the Prom. Carty's going to let us stay up till half-past ten, so I'll have time for the first three dances with her. I doubted if she'd come now you're out. Baker asked her for the hop, and she told him she'd graduated, so in my letter I artlessly contrived to tell her that you were coming on, of course. Perhaps you'd better write her to that effect yourself. After ten-thirty —— PAT.

"Williamson is a lobster. I always thought so, and now I know it. He's been saying around that you wouldn't be on to coach the line in the fall. I told him not to make a fool of himself, but he seemed really to mean it, and stuck to it. We almost had words over it. PAT.

"How many weeks can I have you for this summer? Let me know when you're coming. P."

Every line of it had made him homesick, but after he had stared out of the window a while his face lightened a little and he turned back to his letter and read the postscript about Evelyn over again. Curiously enough, there was something about that that made him feel good. There had never been any nonsense between him and Evelyn; they had been pals more or less for three years, and it had been very delightful, so delightful that he had been aware sometimes of a vague, unacknowledged doubt whether they might not be something more than pals. Well, there could be no doubt about it now. He wasn't jealous of Patty in the least ——

"How are those drawings coming, Carpenter?" The superintendent was by no means a stealthy man, yet here he was at the table before the boy was aware of him.

"All right, I think."

"You'll have it all figured before morning, will you?"

"Oh," said young Carpenter, "didn't you know? The chap has changed his mind about it — wants a lot of changes. Practically the whole job has to be figured over again."

"Sure," said the other; "that's why I thought you'd better get busy. Hall leaves at noon to-morrow, and he's got to take it with him."

"I can't have it for him, then," said Carpenter. "I'm sorry, but it isn't possible." There was surprise in his tone but no protest.

Everybody within range of his voice looked up, and a snicker, imperfectly disguised in various ways, ran round the near-by tables. The superintendent stood looking at him, but said nothing.

A little extra color came into young Carpenter's face. "I'm sorry it happened that way," he said. "I'd have been ready with the other."

Then the superintendent unaccountably lost his temper. "Schmidt," he snapped, turning on his heel, "Mr. Carpenter doesn't find this job to his taste. Take it off his hands, will you!"

It was the "Mister" that cut. Whatever else he deserved, he didn't deserve that, and for a minute his temper hung only just below the boiling point, but he sat quite still — he had a curious feeling that if he shook himself at all he might explode — and Schmidt took the work over. The noon whistle blew just then and relieved the tension.

Carpenter's anger lasted only out of the drafting-room and half-way down the stairs, but this was due less to his natural evenness of temper than to the fact that he had no room inside for another emotion. His sense of being lost, of moving in a world he couldn't understand and that couldn't understand him, occupied him fully. What was it all about? Here he was, working eight hours a day, six days a week; here was spring coming with no promise for him of the long vac. — nothing but more long, hot weeks of six days each — and what was he doing? He did not know. And why was he doing it? As well as he could make out, he was doing it because everybody else did.

Arrived at his restaurant he picked out the cleanest patch of unoccupied tablecloth he could see, and sat down at it. He ate about half of the unpleasant soup which the waitress had plumped down before him from across the table, but at the next course — of corned beef and soggy potatoes — his nerves revolted. He stared at the mess and pushed it away. Now, this was distinctly a new development. This restaurant was by no means the first nor the worst of its kind in his experience, and he had never, so far as he could remember, failed to meet half-way what was put before him. He had been off his sleep for two weeks. Now he was getting off his feed. Matters were growing serious.

Lord! how he hated it! How he wanted to quit! How he longed to go home, home to the hill, the campus, the boat, to Patty and the other chaps, and — Evelyn? Yes. Why not? She was a part of it.

But he wasn't going to quit. He wasn't a quitter. He wasn't the sort to walk off the field because the umpire has just dealt him a rotten decision. There were a lot of other chaps in the same boat — right in the office there with him, flat-chested weaklings in eyeglasses, a good many of them. He would stick it out until the glad day when the superintendent should put an end to his misery and give him the sack. He was surely a good-enough sport for that.

There! That was one queer thing about it. They weren't — Schmidt, for instance, wasn't a sport at all. That wasn't why he stayed. But Schmidt, somehow, seemed to have caught on to the game, seemed to know what he was trying to do. Perhaps Schmidt liked it!

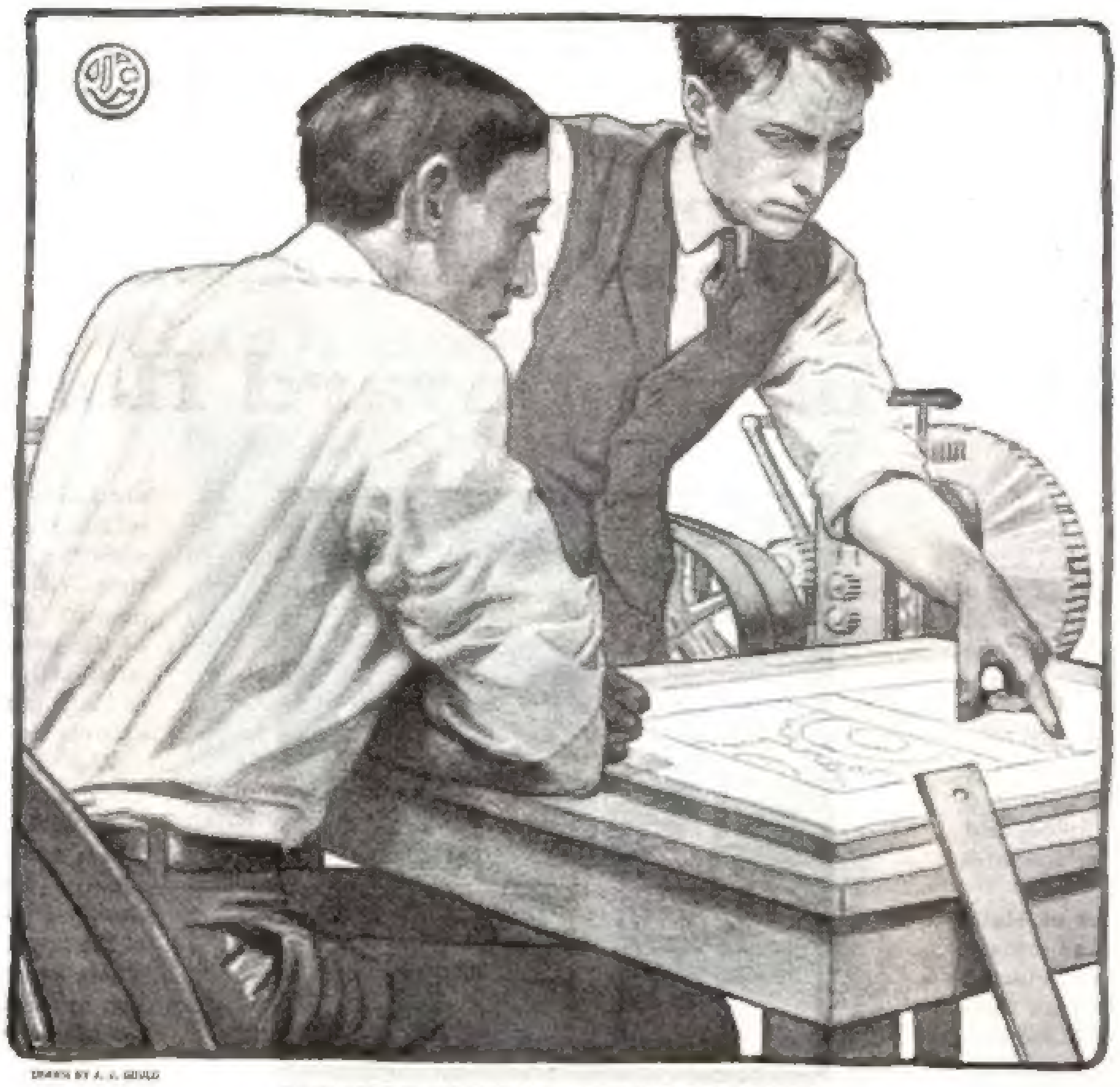
While he ate his pie, and after he had finished it — long after, as a matter of fact — he sat ruminating. Patty's reference to Green offered him a clew. He remembered well Green's fall term, furthermore, his own first view of him, of the big feet, the bow legs, the wide hips, the long back, the long, sloping, round shoulders, the incredibly long arms. And he remembered how the joy over his first appearance in moleskins had given place to bewilderment and to sorrow when it was proved with more than fatal clearness that this Samson could never play football, that anybody, the merest weakling with a grain of football sense, could toy with him, could make him use his great strength against himself. And now Carty was trying him in the boat. Carty had a long, long head, and perhaps ——

He was rather startled on looking at his watch to find that it was half-past one, and he paid his quarter and clattered down the two flights of stairs from the little restaurant in a hurry. But April was loitering about outside waiting for him, and she greeted him joyously. She laughed at him and daintily brushed his cheek, and his pace slackened to a stroll. He stuffed some tobacco into his pipe, lighted it in spite of April's playful attempt to blow out the match, and presently there appeared on his face a broad schoolboy grin. Perhaps he might not have to wait so long for the sack, after all. Perhaps this very day he would be able to write to Patty, in the words of Mr. Dooley's "Cubian" workman, "Thank Gawd, I'm fired." No, he'd write it to Evelyn. She'd appreciate it.

He hurried into the drafting-room a few minutes later, hung his coat on the nail, and stood before the superintendent wearing a look of demure contrition. The superintendent did not look up. The expression was wasted. Gradually it settled deeper, became a look of real concern. It occurred with renewed force to young Carpenter that it was a far cry from this brusque, efficient superintendent to those scholarly old gentlemen to whom he had been wont to make his excuses and who had listened to them with such simplicity. The most masterly excuse, even a simple, obvious, true excuse, never seemed to weigh much with the superintendent. So when young Carpenter finally spoke it was only to say, "I'm sorry I'm so late. What do you want me to do this afternoon?"

"I guess I haven't anything for you to do, Mr. Carpenter," said the superintendent.

He stood where he was for a moment, not trying to see what the words meant; trying, on the contrary, not to see. Now that the thing had happened it did not look as it had looked, in prospect, half an hour ago. This was a different world, this room. They had shut all the windows tight, and the water-hammers clattered along the pipes in undisputed possession. Everybody was looking at him, and the snickers appeared again, this time without disguise. Young Carpenter recalled a fragment of a conversation he had overheard between two of his fellow-draftsmen a week or two before.


DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

"WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?" HE DEMANDED

"A man don't get fired for breaking rules," said one. "He gets fired because he's no good."

That was the superintendent's verdict on him, and it was the verdict, no doubt, of every other man in the room. Patty wouldn't agree to it, he knew. He could imagine just what terms Patty would apply to the superintendent and to the men who snickered. But Patty might well be wrong. His standards didn't seem to apply in this world, somehow. You couldn't measure distance by the acre.

He went back to where he had hung his coat, slipped into it, and walked out of the room. When he reached the door the superintendent called to him, "Mr. Hooper wants to see you, I believe."

Young Carpenter didn't want to see Mr. Hooper — he was sure of that. He knew just what attitude the head of the firm — his father's old friend, who had known him from knickerbockers up — would take. He could spare this homily very well, and he was strongly inclined to go his way without giving Mr. Hooper a chance to deliver it. But he thought better of it, and knocked at the door to the private office.

Mr. Hooper had him sit down, inquired somewhat waggishly as to his health and spirits, and then said abruptly: "I'm thinking of putting you at a rather trying piece of work for a few weeks, what you boys would call, I suppose, a spurt, but if you don't care to try it you must say so."

With that for a preface, he explained. A certain inventive genius, Wagner by name, to whose star Mr. Hooper had many times and profitably hitched his wagon, had recently conceived a most brilliant idea. Backed by Mr. Hooper he had already realized this idea in a model which demonstrated that the idea was good, but was still far from being commercially, or even mechanically, fit to put on the market. Mr. Hooper also explained the new machine in a general way and touched upon the large profit there was bound to be in making and in selling it. Then he stopped, and looked hard at young Carpenter.

"Now, here's the situation," he said. "We learned not long ago that Sawyer and Company have a man at work on much the same idea, and that brings in a new element. There are still in our machines one capital defect and several minor ones, and we must get rid of them before we can market the machine, but we must market our machine before Sawyer and Company can market theirs. It's just as it would be," said Mr. Hooper, going rather far afield for an illustration, "just as it would be in your football nine. The man who reaches the goal first wins the — the advantage."

"Yes, sir," said young Carpenter.

"We're doing all we can to help Mr. Wagner out. He's had, already, three different assistants, but he hasn't agreed with them. In fact the situation has affected Mr. Wagner's temper, and makes it rather hard to work with him. I had a talk with the superintendent this noon, and we agreed that if you cared to try it you were the man. It will mean working days and nights, and if you care to try it — as you boys would say for the good of the game — why, you'd better report to Wagner this afternoon. Here's his address."

. . . .

The man who bawled "Come in" in answer to young Carpenter's knock, and the surroundings in which young Carpenter found him, justified all that Mr. Hooper had said of the difficulty of the job and explained the decline and fall of the three assistants. A room like a barn with big, dirty windows, a red-hot stove holding the temperature of the place at near eighty degrees, an incredible confusion everywhere, and at a drafting-table under a window a meagre, unshaven, grimy young man whose facial muscles twitched while he worked.

"Self at home," he said for answer to Carpenter's word of introduction.

So Carpenter took off his coat and sat down at the other table, the table of the three assistants, and continued to look about him. The longer he looked the worse it seemed. It was not all clean mechanical litter that filled the room; there was personal litter mixed up with it; shoes, greasy frying-pans, a broken wash-bowl with dirty water in it, the remains of a hasty luncheon and, in the darkest corner, a tumbled bed. Lying around helter-skelter were tools, iron filings, and the *disjecta membra* of the model.

"Do you know about this thing?" demanded Wagner, and then he began explaining it, not in the painstaking classroom manner Carpenter was used to, but in volleys, broadsides, dashing back and forth between the model and the drawing, his fingers pointing five ways at once.

And young Carpenter listened for dear life, listened as he had done one night when, a humble scrub, they had taken him and pumped the 'varsity signals into him, because he might have to play in the game to-morrow. He followed along pretty well, caught the general idea perfectly, and at the end tried to express his admiration of the diabolical cleverness of the thing. But Wagner cut him short by plunging into a more practical consideration of it, showing how this was wrong, how that wouldn't do, how this improvement here made a change necessary there, and at last, coming down to one minor movement, he explained why it was wrong, and how it was wrong, and what must be done to set it right. "Figure that out, will you?" he concluded, and in an instant he was lost, twenty fathoms deep, in some problem of his own, the "capital defect" that Mr. Hooper had spoken of, perhaps.

Young Carpenter saw what was wanted, and he tackled it gayly. This sort of thing, somehow, was more in his line. There was an end to this job; when it was done it would be done. Furthermore, it was a race; another man was crunching up the track just behind them, and this thought lent wings to his pencil.

So he figured the movement out, and when it was done he called Mr. Wagner. Wagner glanced at his proud result, and then stared at him. "What do you call it?" he demanded. "Look at it! *Look at it!* Think of the weight of metal it would take to hold a club-footed, lop-sided thing like that rigid!"

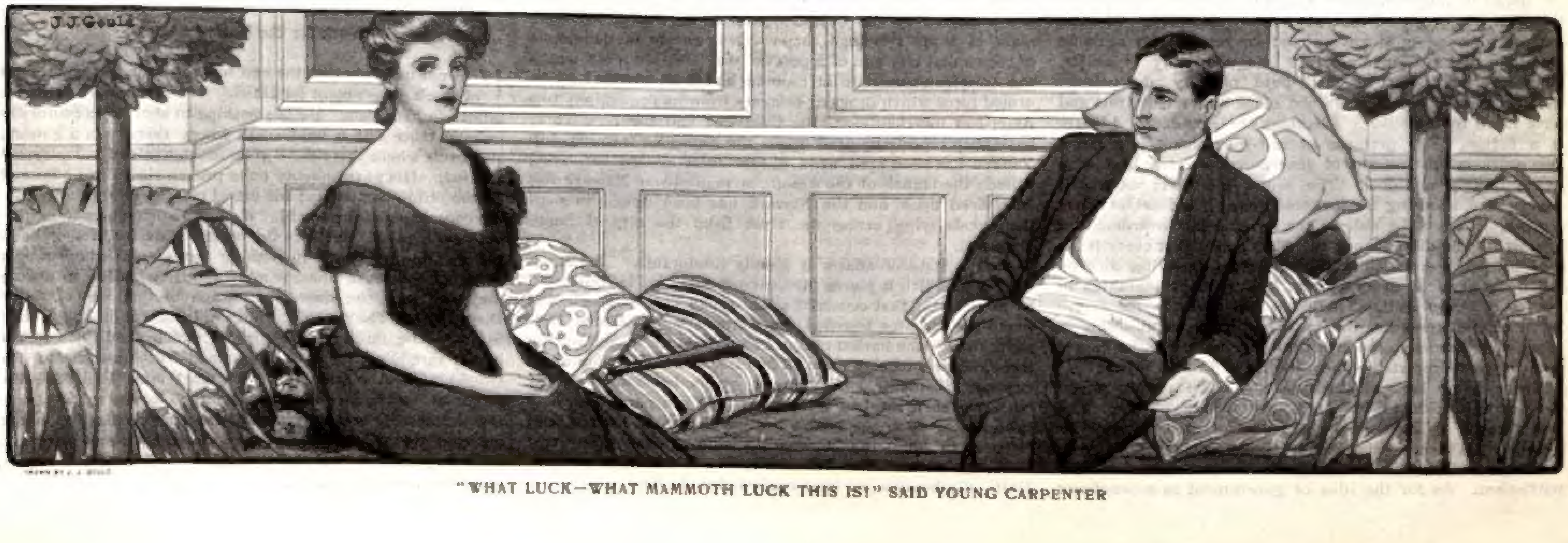
"But," said Carpenter, "you can't turn it around the other way. There isn't room."

"Of course not."

"Well, then, how am I going to do it?"

And then young Carpenter was told in seven different ways that he was a blank, unutterable fool, and all well within seven seconds. "Is this an infant class?" wailed Wagner. "I

(*Continued on Page 27*)



DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

"WHAT LUCK — WHAT MAMMOTH LUCK THIS IS!" SAID YOUNG CARPENTER

The Case of Santo Domingo

An Argument from the Facts for Immediate Consideration

By William Bayard Hale

MIDMOST the busy Caribbean, lying lonely, for its sins suspected and shunned for a hundred years by the ships of the nations that ply those paths of commerce, the island of Haiti is almost as little known to civilization as if it lay behind the peaks of the Himalayas or in the heart of Africa or amid the rocks and mists of a fabled and untraveled sea. Santo Domingo has not always been thus unfamiliar. It was the site of the first colony planted upon American soil. Columbus made it his chief seat in the New World, built in it a city named after his father, whose castles of stone had grown dark with age before a cabin had been reared on Manhattan, before Plymouth or Jamestown was thought of. The dust of the discoverer rests to-day in the island that was best known and best beloved in the early days of civilization in the Western Hemisphere.

In later times it was the richest colony of France. Magnificent estates dotted its savannahs; mighty engineering works covered its plains; its mountains poured gold and silver, its rivers pearls, its plantations the fruits, spices and endless luxuries of the tropics, into the lap of an aristocratic society.

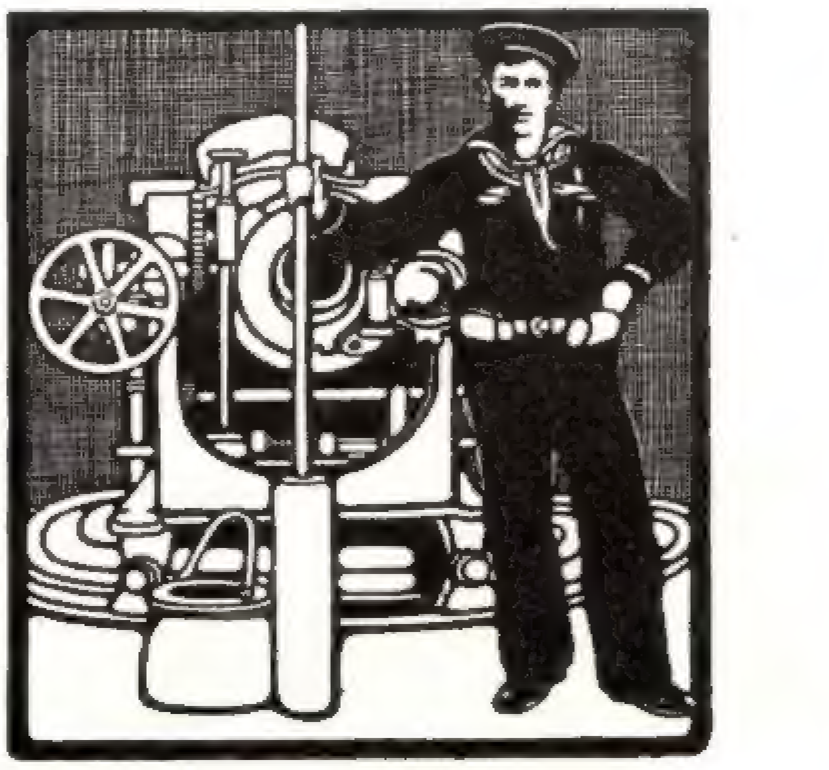
It was just a hundred years ago that the slaves of Haiti triumphed over their masters after one of the most sanguinary wars recorded in history. The blacks and the fever defeated the best soldiers of Napoleon and drove the white man from the island. The centennial of that debauch of blood was celebrated a few weeks ago in the city of Gonaives, where the black monster Dessalines had proclaimed the independence of the island January 1, 1804. "We, too, had our Washington," shouted President Nord Alexis, the fierce old negro who now rules over the western half of the island. "Not Toussaint L'Ouverture, but Dessalines, was the father of our country." After naming the most bloodthirsty wretch who ever transfixed the horrified admiration of a country—unless his successor, Christophe, excelled him in the ingenious cruelty of his butcheries—old Nord, to show that the spirit of the fathers was not quite dead, came down from the platform on which he had delivered the centennial oration and ordered three of his subjects shot.

For a hundred years the story of Santo Domingo has been one long tale of ever-deepening gloom. Revolution has followed revolution; generation after generation has been butchered in war. Sometimes the island has been a republic; sometimes it has called itself an empire; sometimes two or three Presidents or Dictators have divided it between them; sometimes the east and west have separated, sometimes the north and south. It has had Presidents, Kings and Emperors, and all were despots ruling over chaotic populations, sinking under each deeper into brutality. The torch of desolation has flamed until there is nothing left to feed it. The cities of the old régime lie in ruins. The harbors have filled with silt; rotted wharves and roofless warehouses stare out on bays that floated, a century ago, the richest laden ships afloat. The highways that traversed the country are lost in impenetrable forest; the great estates, with their cisterns and aqueducts and fountains, are surrendered to the jungle. The religion of the Congo, with all its horrid features, prevails throughout the interior, and in city and among the hills alike the human spectacle is the most abject and miserable to be seen in any land on earth that has ever pretended to enlightenment.

The Dominican Idea of Self-Government

THE political condition of the island is really a minor detail in the total scene of its wretchedness, though it is this that has attracted the attention of the world. The two nations whose seats of government are respectively at Santo Domingo and at Port-au-Prince are nominally republics. They are, in point of fact, pure military despotisms. Presidents have always obtained office by force of arms and have ruled by terrorism. Elections are legendary. Liberty is a fiction. The pretense of self-government is a farce. The ordinary institutions of government—except the army—are largely mythical. The army is a fact; you see it everywhere, shouting for its local general, indifferent as to whether it is on the side of the recognized Government or against it. Soldiers throng the cities and picket every trail; they bivouac permanently in the streets, throwing dice on the drum-head at every corner, boiling their plantains in the lee of every wall. There are two ranks in the army: privates and generals, the latter gorgeous in uniforms in every style known to the art of military tailoring, the former content with a red stripe down the leg of jeans trousers.

There is no lack of constitutions. The people would despise a President who pretended to regard one. The Government is confessedly a group of men banded for plunder. Whatever they can steal, confiscate or procure by terrorism and in the way of bribes is the just reward of their patriotism. As for the idea of government as a beneficent institution, regulating the various public functions, maintaining public order and decency, fostering enterprises of commercial, industrial and social advantage—it is utterly remote from Dominican imagination. Consider it in any feature, and you bring up in a quagmire of hopeless ineptitude and monstrous maladministration.



In Haiti proper, the western country, Nord Alexis has maintained himself in the office which he obtained by playing traitor to Antenor Firmin, whose military lieutenant he was and in whose name he had rallied the army with which he seized the palace, by ruthlessly exterminating all who dare openly to breathe opposition.

A State of Absolute Anarchy

SANTO DOMINGO proper, in the east, of late far outstripped her sister "republic" in the kaleidoscopic brilliancy of her political history. According to the Constitution, the Presidential term is four years; since 1899 Santo Domingo has rejoiced in a glad procession of seven Presidents, and before this article is in type Morales, the present incumbent, may have been in turn overthrown by Jiminez or by another of a dozen aspirants to power. For, besides the leading generals now in the field, Jiminez and Woz y Gil, who are fighting each other as well as Morales, their common foe, every interior valley harbors a chief who is ready at a moment's notice to start for the city of Columbus, burning towns and gathering a ragged horde as he goes.

These revolutions imply no stir of ideas. They are not the consequence of social or political aspirations. They are the result of mere fighting habit, mercurial temperament and selfish ambition. Revolution is the normal state of the island. The literal fact is that, in its Spanish and French countries alike, absolute anarchy prevails in Haiti. The group of adventurers which at present, in lieu of a better, is recognized by the United States as the de facto government of Santo Domingo, is powerless except in the streets of the capital city and of a port or two. Within a few weeks the American consulate at Samana has been invaded by an armed force which dragged refugees from its protection; two American merchantmen, the Cherokee and the New York, have been repeatedly fired upon; the American training-ship Yankee has been fired upon, a machinist aboard her being killed; the launch of the American man-of-war Newark has been fired upon, and the Newark has been forced to shell the woods lying across the river from the city of Santo Domingo.

Such a state of affairs is simply intolerable. The great danger in which it places the peace of the world is illustrated by an incident that occurred a few weeks ago: Supporters of President Morales boarded the German merchantman Holstein, then in the harbor of San Pedro de Macoris, and seizing three refugees carried them off as prisoners to the Dominican gunboat Presidente. Germany is occupied just at this time, but other such insolent affronts, if they are permitted, may bring down upon the island the just wrath of Europe, and force us to assert the Monroe Doctrine against some great European power which has undertaken to establish order in Haiti only because we have neglected to do it ourselves.

It is a mistake to suppose that Dominican revolutions are slight and bloodless affairs. As a rule, the slaughter is great. Save in the particular that the leaders are much given to such formalities as the promulgation of constitutions and the appointment of cabinets, campaigns on the island are much like raids of wild Indians, of Zulus or Kaffirs, upon other tribes. Santo Domingo and Haiti are not Latin-American countries; they are African, with a slight mixture of Spanish and Indian in the east; their people fight with the rage and blood-lust of savages, and from time to time from among them rise captains of no little military genius. Many thousands have lost their lives in the battles of the past two years, and many thousands more have been summarily executed or done to death in captivity. Prisons in Haiti are unspeakable welters of infected corruption where victims lie down with the rats in pools of filth.

War in the island has horrors all its own. Every Dominican can pound with his terrible cocomacaque and hack with his machete, whose poisoned wounds heal slowly. Rifles are universally distributed, and machine guns are plenty. But though they possess and manipulate all the deadly engines of modern warfare, the blacks know nothing of the appliances for relieving the sufferings of the wounded. There are no surgeons, no medicines; fallen with a broken leg, or faint with loss of blood, the soldier is left to succumb to hunger and thirst, or to be devoured by the wild hogs that infest the forests.

The physical and social conditions are worse than the political. The land's material ruin may be said now to be complete. Even the coffee trees, whose life is that of a generation, are being no longer transplanted. All other crops are failing; the exports are decreasing. No money is circulating; the currency, what little exists, is nickel, worthless outside the country. The revenues are hypothecated to foreigners; the right of coastwise trade has been sold to foreigners. Nobody in the island has either capital or credit. An appalling poverty has its clutch upon the land. The people live ankle-deep in filth; their ignorance is incredible; religion has degenerated into savage superstition. Human life is cheap. What we know as morality does not exist. In the mountains of La Selle, at least, and probably elsewhere, serpent worship and sacrifice of children and cannibalism prevail.

This is what a hundred years of negro rule has made of the loveliest land on the globe; for the physical beauty of Hispaniola, as the discoverers loved to call it, is so marvelous that one is reluctant to speak of it, so extravagant must seem his words. From the sea the land is seen to swim in glories that surround no other West Indian isle, and in its interior the prospects are entrancing. Assuredly nowhere else can Nature have contrived such magnificent panoramas, no other land can she have adorned with such riot of ravishing color.

But not only is the beauty of Hispaniola wonderful; it is probable that no other like area on earth is so rich in material wealth. "It is safe to say that probably no other extent of territory contains within itself, under proper auspices, so many elements of prosperity, worldly success and happiness," are the measured words of Mr. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey. There are fortunes for thousands in coffee, cacao, cotton, tobacco, sugar, rubber, fruit, spices, mahogany, dyewoods, gold, silver, copper, asphaltum, sulphur, salt, phosphates and guano. All these springs of wealth lie untouched, forgotten, by the people to whom the land has been too long surrendered.

Work for the United States

IT IS not unlikely that the end has come for the experiment of black government for Haiti. The Ethiopian has been a failure in his Eden. He has nothing to show for a century of independence but a wilderness where there was a garden, and ruins where there were great monuments of industry, art and joy. His governments have proven ridiculous affairs of contemptible incapacity; his moral condition is an affront to the conscience of the world. He has no principles to perpetuate, no ideals to live for; the future holds for him, if he is suffered to sink into it, nothing but a total atavism into savagery. If ever humane considerations called to a duty they call now the world's attention to the case of Santo Domingo. "The world," in this instance, is the United States. The intolerable character which conditions in the black republics have now assumed recommends to the Government at Washington, with what must be irresistible force, an interference in Santo Domingo for the relief of outraged humanity and the rescue of expiring civilization, not to mention the behoof of morality, decency, tranquillity and efficiency; and it may be depended upon that the recommendation will be heeded.

A Senator of Two Republics

BY G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator from Missouri

Cushman K. Davis

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, OF MINNESOTA

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS was born in the State of New York on June 16, 1838, being descended on both the paternal and maternal side from the Pilgrims who came over on the Mayflower. When two years old his parents removed to Wisconsin, where he was reared and educated, graduating at a Wisconsin college and then at the University of Michigan. He was especially fond of languages, speaking and writing French, German, Spanish and Italian, and was a very fine Greek and Latin scholar, being particularly fond of Xenophon and Tacitus

Although Senator Davis and myself differed very widely on all political questions, we were very close friends personally, and many of the most pleasant hours of my life were spent in his company. One great bond of sympathy between us was our love for Shakespeare, in the knowledge of whose works I did not pretend to be my friend's equal, although my admiration for the great poet and his productions could not be excelled. There was much in the works of Shakespeare that I had never been able fully to understand until I talked with Senator Davis, who was never willing to concede that anybody had written Shakespeare's plays except Shakespeare himself, or that there was any passage in all these plays which was not susceptible of a clear interpretation of its meaning. He always insisted that the line in Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy about taking up arms against a "sea of troubles" was not justly subject to the severe criticism it had received, and that Shakespeare was right in the figure he used as it conveyed the idea of resistless and continued force such as only the sea possesses in its restless and eternal power. In speaking of Hamlet's soliloquy Senator Davis often said that Shakespeare was an agnostic when he wrote Hamlet but a Christian when he wrote his own will. In proof of this latter assertion he quoted that part of the great poet's will in which he declared his reliance upon the redeeming blood of Christ, and when I alluded once, in a discussion with him about Shakespeare's will, to the singular fact that he bequeathed his second-best bed to his wife, Davis defended his action by saying that he had no doubt the husband and wife had discussed the matter, and Shakespeare had been influenced by her preference for the second best bed, which was doubtless her favorite

Senator Davis was the best Shakespearian scholar I have ever met, and his book, entitled The Law in Shakespeare, shows that he divided his time between the study of his profession as a lawyer and that of Shakespeare's works. Next to Shakespeare, Senator Davis admired the great Napoleon, and was ready at all times to defend everything in the career of that remarkable man. I agreed with him entirely as to Napoleon's genius but not as to his attributes and motives I could never think without horror of the wholesale massacre ordered by Bonaparte, when thousands of defenseless prisoners were shot down in platoons upon the sands of Egypt, nor could I ever find any sufficient defense for his action in divorcing Josephine, the wife of his youth, for political reasons. Senator Davis, on the other hand, considered Napoleon's action entirely justifiable in both cases, and had very little patience with those who thought otherwise. I have no doubt that Senator Davis owned the best private Napoleonic library in the United States, as he had devoted much of his life to collecting everything that had been written about the great Emperor, and his residence in Washington was filled with pictures and statuettes of his favorite

After graduating at the University of Michigan with high honor, Davis began the study of law, and was engaged in its practice at Waukesha, Wisconsin, when the Civil War began. In 1862 he entered the Union army as first lieutenant in a Wisconsin regiment, and served with distinction until 1864, when he was compelled to resign his commission on account of ill-health. In 1865 he removed to St. Paul, Minnesota, where he soon became eminent in his profession, and after being a member of the Minnesota Legislature, United States District Attorney for the State, and Governor for two years, he was elected to the United States Senate in 1887, twice reelected, and died in office

A Companionable Puritan

ALTHOUGH lineally descended from the Puritans, he had none of the austere selfishness and fanaticism in religious matters which characterized that remarkable sect. It is not my purpose to criticise the Puritans, for whose courage and intellect I have the greatest admiration. The fact that the six New England States, with a sterile soil and an inhospitable climate, to-day control the policies and destiny of the American people is incontestable proof of their intellectual superiority. Edward Everett, in his great oration on the history of liberty, stated the truth when he declared that though Spain was entitled to the glory of discovering the American continent, the Puritans of New England had brought from England the love of personal liberty in both temporal and religious matters which constituted the cornerstone of a great republic The Puritans had many admirable qualities, but they were not a lovable people, and Macaulay was not very far wrong in his caustic criticism when he wrote that the Puritans objected to bear-baiting not on account of the cruelty it inflicted upon the bear but because of the pleasure it gave the spectators. William M. Evarts, the distinguished son of Massachusetts and a cousin of Senator Hoar, wittily said in a speech delivered by him some years before his death that "The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, fell on their knees, and then fell on the aborigines"; and the facts justify his assertion.

A Thoroughgoing Imperialist

IT IS more than probable that the removal of Senator Davis when an infant to the far West, and his subsequent life on the broad prairies and amidst the lakes and mountains of that young empire, eradicated many of the objectionable qualities coming to him by heredity, and his education did much to liberalize his opinions, although he retained to the day of his death much of the aggressive and aggrandizing spirit of his Puritan forefathers. In his public career, especially as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the United States Senate at one of the most critical periods in our national history, he made no pretense of concealing his opinion that the United States had all the powers of any other government, and could enter into a colonial system under which an imperial people, thousands of miles distant from our shores, could be subjugated and made to accept such laws and institutions as we thought necessary and proper without consulting them as to their own destiny.

It is not my purpose in this paper to enter into any discussion of the foreign policy which has been adopted by the United States in regard to the Philippine Islands, but the stupendous results of that policy, which no one can foresee, and the utter disregard of the teaching and advice of those who founded our Government, deserve more than a passing allusion. I do not think there is an intelligent man in the United States who does not believe that our course toward the people of the Philippine Archipelago is in violation of the great truth announced in the Declaration of Independence, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. I do not believe that there is any public man, cognizant of all the facts, who does not believe that commercial interests brought about the ratification of the Paris Treaty, and that the desire for new markets abroad for the immense over-production by the people of the United States of cereals and manufactured goods is responsible for the establishment of the colonial system, against which our fathers fought during the Revolutionary War.

President McKinley was anxious to avoid war with Spain, and, notwithstanding the horrible cruelties perpetrated by the Spanish upon the unfortunate people of Cuba, did not wish to have any but peaceable relations with the Spanish Government. No one had more personal regard for President McKinley or was more shocked by his tragic death than myself, but in my opinion he often permitted himself, in his anxiety to meet the wishes of the American people, to be influenced by what he thought to be the popular desire on public questions. He was the best political manager who has occupied the White House since the days of Martin Van Buren, and though his patriotism and honesty of purpose were unquestionable, he believed, like an old English judge, that "justice should be administered in a manner acceptable to suitors." McKinley had the rare ability to refuse a request and yet send the applicant away with increased admiration for the man who refused to meet his wishes. His solicitude for the maintenance of peaceable relations between Spain and the United States induced him to send the Maine to Havana Harbor as an act of courtesy to the Spanish Government, which had sent one of its war vessels to New York. What was intended by him to be a visit of peace became the immediate cause of war, for when the Maine, with its 265 American sailors and officers, was destroyed in Havana Harbor in the most treacherous and cowardly way the people of the United States uttered a cry for vengeance like that of a tigress when robbed of her young. President McKinley, in transmitting his message to Congress on the Maine disaster, stated that he had sent that ill fated vessel to Havana in obedience to a suggestion from certain diplomatic agents of the United States in Cuba, who thought that the presence of the American flag in that harbor would familiarize the Cuban people with the Stars and Stripes, emblem of the sovereignty of the great republic. As a matter of fact, two great steamship lines, one from New York to Havana and the other from New Orleans via Mobile and Tampa to the same port, had been established for years, and each one of the vessels belonging to these lines carried the American flag, so that not a day passed at Havana without the Stars and Stripes being seen at the masthead of these ships or that of some merchant vessel or yacht belonging to citizens of this country. The destruction of the Maine caused an immediate declaration of war by the United States against Spain, and in sixty days hostilities ceased, the Spanish Government having been completely vanquished by the destruction of their navy and the defeat of their land forces at Santiago

Appointment to the Peace Commission

WHEN the Spanish sued for peace President McKinley appointed five commissioners to meet those on the part of Spain at Paris, in order to agree upon the terms of a peace treaty between the two countries. Following the very bad precedent established by President Harrison, Mr. McKinley chose three of the commissioners from the Senate, two of them, Senators Davis and Frye, being Republicans, and one of them, Senator Gray, of Delaware, a Democrat. President Harrison had appointed a member of the Senate and an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to represent the United States in the negotiations concerning the Alaska seal controversy with England, and President McKinley, by the appointment of three distinguished and influential Senators on the Paris Commission, secured three advocates for the ratification of such treaty as they might sign when it came before the Senate for consideration. This practice, which had been established by McKinley's predecessor, President Harrison, cannot be successfully defended, for it obviously converts a Senator, who is required by the Constitution to act in a quasi judicial character as to any treaty coming before the Senate, into an active supporter of any treaty he may sign, and he is, of course, deprived of the impartial character which should attach to his Senatorial duty. I was so much impressed by the results of this action on the part of the Chief Executive that I offered in the Fifty-sixth Congress a joint resolution prohibiting the appointment of any Senator or Justice of the Supreme Court to be commissioner on the part of the United States in any negotiations with a foreign government. This resolution was referred to the Committee on Judiciary, and a bill was reported from that committee effecting the objects of my resolution, which passed the Senate but failed to be enacted by the House of Representatives.

It was well understood that three of the commissioners appointed by McKinley to negotiate the Paris Treaty were strongly in favor of taking the Philippine Islands, while Mr. Hay, who had been Secretary of State, favored the taking of Luzon only, and Senator Gray, of Delaware, the only

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Editor's Note — This is the twelfth paper in the series of Senator Vest's personal recollections

Democrat on the commission, was emphatically opposed to our acquiring jurisdiction over the archipelago or any part of it. Senator Frye admitted in a colloquy upon the floor of the Senate in open session that the President had instructed the commissioners when they left Washington under no circumstances to take any part of the archipelago except the island of Luzon; but after our commissioners had ascertained in Paris from the Spanish commissioners that Spain was utterly helpless and could make no further resistance, a majority of them determined to seize the whole archipelago; and the correspondence between them and the State Department, made public two years after the treaty was confirmed, shows the opinion of each one of the commissioners in regard to what should be the policy pursued by this Government. All five of our commissioners signed the Paris Treaty taking the whole archipelago from Spain and making a charitable donation of $20,000,000 to that unfortunate country in sheer pity for the deplorable condition in which Spain had been left by the war. Among the papers made public by action of the Senate is the protest of Senator Gray against taking any part of the Philippine Archipelago. In this protest he denounces such action as being opposed to the traditions and settled policy of the United States, and says that the acquisition of the islands by this Government would violate the declaration made by the Teller resolution. He declares that the acquisition of the Philippines will derange our labor system, demoralize our young men, and prove an incubus in the future. Senator Gray closes his protest by stating that his conscience would not permit him to sign the treaty, but for some reason of which I have no knowledge and about which I shall indulge in no conjecture, he did sign the treaty at Paris, and then came back to the Senate, where he was one of its most strenuous and enthusiastic supporters.

The Ratification of the Treaty

WHEN the treaty was submitted to the Senate the Democrats who were opposed to its ratification thought it impolitic to hold a party caucus, and appointed a committee of three Senators, consisting of Senators Jones, of Arkansas, Gorman and myself, who were instructed to confer personally with every Senator not known to be favorable to the treaty and ascertain his position as to its ratification. The committee so appointed discharged its duty fully, and were assured by thirty-eight Senators, four of them being Republicans and the remainder of the thirty-eight being Democrats and Populists, that they were opposed to the treaty. While the treaty was pending, the venerable Senator from Vermont, Mr. Morrill, who was strenuously opposed to taking the Philippine Islands, died at Washington City, full of years and honor, and his successor, appointed by the Governor of Vermont, supported the ratification of the treaty, thus making a difference of two votes on the final result. Every sort of argument and influence was brought to bear by the Administration to have the treaty ratified, and several Senators who had spoken most eloquently against the treaty were induced to change front and vote for ratification. Only two Republican Senators, Hoar and Hale, stood firm in their opposition, and proved themselves worthy of the highest place on the roll of American statesmen

Immediately after the treaty was signed in Paris, Colonel William J. Bryan, who was with his regiment at Jacksonville, Florida, resigned his commission and came to Washington for the purpose of advising his political friends and supporters to vote for the treaty. He approached me on the subject, and said that if the treaty was rejected by the Senate the war between Spain and the United States would be renewed, and the Democrats would be held responsible for the loss in money and blood caused by their action. He advised that the treaty should be approved, and that a joint resolution could then be adopted declaring against the colonial system and pledging the United States to give self-government to the people of the Philippine Islands. I told Colonel Bryan that I would under no circumstances vote for the Paris Treaty; that there could be no continuation of the war, because Spain was utterly helpless, and that any joint resolution adopted by the Senate after the ratification of the treaty would be thrown into the waste-basket by the House of Representatives and never considered by that body. I have reason to believe that two Populist Senators were persuaded by Colonel Bryan to change their position and to vote for ratification. Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, was induced to offer a joint resolution five days after the beginning of hostilities between our recent ally Aguinaldo and his forces and the army of the United States, declaring that it was not the intention of the United States to make citizens of the Filipinos or to incorporate their territory as a part of the United States, but that at a proper time in the future the whole matter should be adjusted for the mutual interests of the Philippine Islands and this country. After the treaty had been ratified by a vote of fifty-seven to twenty-seven — ten Democratic and Populist Senators voting in the affirmative — the McEnery resolution was called up by Senator Aldrich, one of the Republican leaders, and adopted by a vote of twenty-six to twenty-two. When, however, it was proposed by Senator Bacon, of Georgia, to amend the McEnery resolution by declaring that the Government of the United States pledged itself to give the people of the Philippine Islands the right to govern themselves after law and order had been restored in the archipelago, there was a tie vote in the Senate of twenty-nine to twenty-nine, and Vice-President Roosevelt gave the casting vote against the resolution. This action, as stated by Senator Hoar in his Autobiography of Seventy Years, made good the charge of Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, to which no Republican Senator replied, that all declarations by the Republican party hereafter in behalf of human rights would be mere pretense, and that they could no longer reproach the white men of the South for depriving the negroes of any right given them by the laws and Constitution of this country.

Senator Hoar, in his book, recently published, pays a high tribute to the magnanimity of Massachusetts in unanimously reelecting him to the Senate after he had opposed the public sentiment of his constituents by doing all in his power to defeat the Paris Treaty; but I doubt very much whether the heroic Senator could have been reelected, notwithstanding the lustre his great career has shed upon Massachusetts, if he had succeeded in defeating the treaty. The people of Massachusetts wanted the treaty affirmed because they thought it would advance their shipbuilding interests, and they could afford to be magnanimous after the treaty was ratified by retaining so valuable and distinguished a Senator.

In this connection, and while writing of magnanimity, I am reminded of what my old friend, ex-Senator James L. Pugh, of Alabama, one of the most intelligent and warm-hearted men I have ever known, said when we were invited to a dinner given by Chief Justice Fuller on the occasion of Associate Justice Brewer taking his seat on the Supreme Bench, the guests being members of the Supreme Court and of the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which Pugh and myself were members. The dinner was a most enjoyable one, and as I was leaving the residence of the Chief Justice at a late hour, in the same carriage with Pugh, he said, "Do you know, Vest, that we are two of the most remarkable men now living. Here we are," he said, "members of the United States Senate, guests of the Chief Justice, and rolling along asphalt pavements after a splendid banquet in the capital of the country which we tried for four years to destroy." I replied that it was a striking proof of the magnanimity with which we had been treated by the people of the United States. "Magnanimity be d——d," said Pugh; "the truth is, they can't run their Government without us, and if they could we should have been hanged as high as Haman!" I did not agree with Pugh's conclusion, but the people of Massachusetts no doubt concluded, after the Paris Treaty was ratified, that they could not dispense with the services of Mr. Hoar.

The Treaty of Paris

DURING the long and acrimonious debate upon the Paris Treaty, Senator Davis, as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, led the Administration party, and he made no disguise of the fact that the United States, in his judgment, should be made a world power by taking the Philippines and using them as a base for extending our commerce. After the ratification of the treaty, when it became necessary to provide for the government of the archipelago, the Spooner bill was made an amendment to the army appropriation bill at the close of the Fifty-sixth Congress, and Senator Davis, in advocating the amendment which authorized the President to appoint such officers, civil and military, in the Philippine Islands as he might select, with such powers as he thought proper, declared that the bill was identical in its provisions with the Act of Congress passed in 1803 for the government of the Territory of Louisiana, which we had just purchased from France. I felt it my duty to correct this assertion, and stated in reply to Davis that no two measures could be more entirely dissimilar than the Act of 1803 and the Spooner amendment. The first-named Act empowered President Jefferson to fill all offices then existing in the Louisiana Territory under the French Government by the appointment of such persons as he selected, but it did not give to him the right to invest such officials with all the powers he considered necessary. The Spooner amendment, on the other hand, made the President an autocrat, with all the absolute power possessed by the Czar of Russia. This was the only time I ever met Senator Davis in debate, and I think it was the last time he ever spoke in the Senate

Though I differed radically with Senator Davis as to the Paris Treaty, I believed him to be honest and patriotic. He considered all limitations in the Constitution upon the power of this Government to acquire territory with complete jurisdiction over its inhabitants as mere technicalities, and saw no inconsistency in making an alliance with the Sultan of Sulu which recognized his slave-pen and the practice of polygamy. That very spectacle was presented some two years ago when Adjutant-General Corbin, on his military tour of inspection in the Philippine Islands, had an audience with the Sultan, while the flag of the Sulus and that of the United States amorously kissed each other in the tropical breeze in full view of the Sultan's slave-pen and seraglio.

I will not, however, dwell upon the memory of past differences in regard to public policy, but prefer rather to think of my personal friend, whose genial companionship and rare, exquisite taste in literature attached me to him most sincerely.

An American in New York

By Opie Read

WITH the usual circle about him, in the Stocks-Bonds Hotel, the American in New York was telling an East Indian tiger-hunter of the dangers of hunting the grizzly bear. The trouble was that the grizzly didn't know when he was dead; and, even after the "inquest," he was likely to arise and assume new license for unwarranted depredation. The tiger-hunter, an English gentleman, blinked his eyes as if into them had been blown a sudden sand gust from the desert. He said that he didn't quite gather. He had heard that the grizzly bear was whimsical, indeed petulant, but in bloodthirstiness could not be compared with the tiger.

"Well," said the Colonel, "the grizzly kills a man, and to go beyond that point is somewhat of an unnatural strain."

"Ah," the Englishman replied, "but that is precisely what the tiger does. He eats his victim."

"A mere matter of taste," said the American. "I mean, you understand, as to whether or not it is worse than to be crushed out of all semblance of a man and left to serve as a shock to your friends. Of course, I can't speak from experience or even from credible hearsay, but it seems to me that after life is extinct I'd as soon go bounding through the jungle in the close corporation of a tiger's digestive society as to be spread out thin on the mountainside, to serve as food for the ungallant and cowardly buzzard, sir."

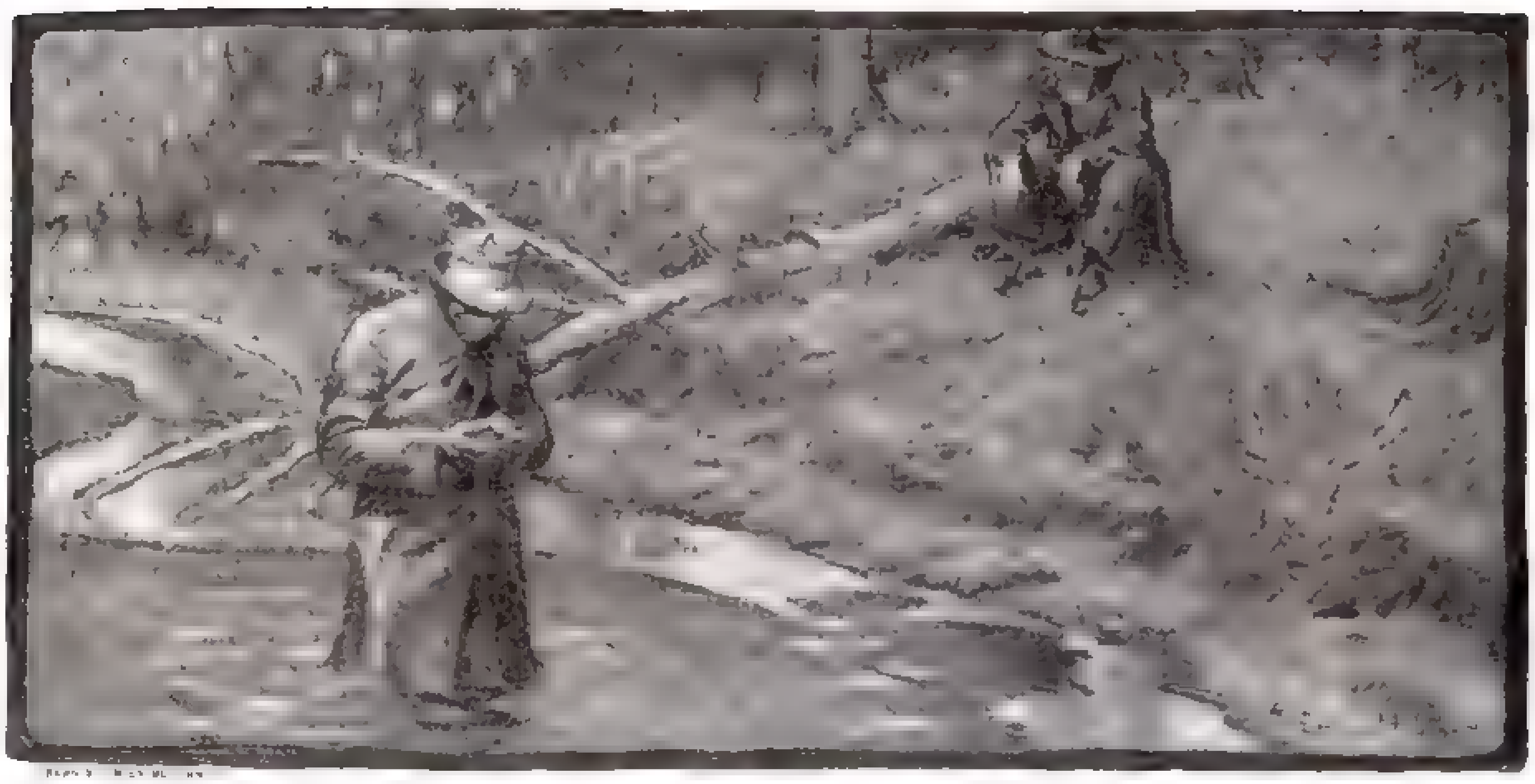
The Englishman arose, hooked himself together and strode off, remarking to some one that the Colonel might well call himself an American, for it was impossible to get any information out of him. In the meantime the American had turned about to comment on a phase of life in New York. "I notice," said he, "that of an evening the women are drinking wine and the men are shuddering over water as they sit together in the cafés. If you take a lady to supper you must buy wine for her, or the waiter will size you as a cheap man. And in a community where fighting is regarded as impolite, not to say immodest, this is uncomfortable. You people may be accustomed to it, but I don't like the cockney grunt of contempt. It strikes me that our Constitution was framed to relieve us of that sort of thing. The tipping, or rather petty bribing, system has sifted out into America, but here in New York it seems to have reached its climax. And you must not only hire the waiter to say 'thank you,' but must buy wine to maintain a place in his good opinion. It's well enough to talk of independence and to swear you won't do it; you will. There is nothing so tireless as insolence, and they will finally wear you out, those cockneys; and you are then willing to buy freedom from that grunt and that buttermilk eye. They have ruined the nigger, sir. Of course, it has always been the darky's game to play the polite and attentive for a tip, but they have made him insulting and imperative in his demand. And if you don't give him at least as much as ten per cent of the amount of your order he gives you the cockney stare. I'll be hanged if one of them didn't turn my overcoat and put it on me wrong side out."

"What did you do?" one of the ladies inquired.

"Do, madam? I didn't know it until I was shouted at in the street. I thought I was about to get run over and I jumped. Then a policeman came up and said: 'If you don't turn that coat right and sober up a little I'll run you in for drunkenness.' And realizing my plight, I explained, and what did the scoundrel do but laugh at me. I looked at my watch and found that it was then too late to go back to the restaurant and kill the brute.

"But you don't find such a condition of affairs in all the restaurants," some one spoke up. "That is a fact which I

Editor's Note — This is the second paper of this series.



"UP I COMES WID ER HAN'FUL O' MUD"

am forced to acknowledge," said the Colonel "Several evenings ago an acquaintance who is here trying to sell stock in a Mexican gold mine, and who, therefore, is put to the necessity of saving a penny now and then, invited me to dinner with him. We went down into the lower jungle of this continental wilderness and entered a basement place, neat and of cheerful appearance. A course dinner was served, with claret, and at the conclusion, when my friend had settled the score, he inquired as to how I had relished the repast. I replied that I had most thoroughly enjoyed myself; that the dinner was excellent and well served And then he asked me how much I supposed it had cost. You may well imagine that I was taken aback at this. In my country no one would inquire as to what you supposed had been the financial outlay of his entertainment of you, and with rather a cool feeling creeping up my back I replied that I had no idea. 'Thirty cents apiece,' said he, and then my astonishment burst forth like a fire alarm. 'Thirty cents,' he repeated, and I was much pleased, not because it had been of so trifling an expense to him, but for the reason that it gave to me an opportunity to spread a dinner for a number of acquaintances who had spoken kindly to me; and in this town, you know, if a man is gracious to you he regards you as being greatly in his debt. So the next evening I invited three men and four ladies to dine with me. The dinner was exquisite, even a little better than before, but when I went to settle I found that the bill was two-fifty apiece. Heigho! And it was not until we were going out that I discovered that I had made a mistake as to the exact locality and had gone into another place—the wrong place, I may well assure you." A man came up and the Colonel, arising and bowing with dignity to the ladies, said to them: "Ah, permit me to introduce to you my very dear friend. I beg your pardon" (to his friend), "but your name escapes me at this moment. Ah, yes, Jones, thank you. Ladies, this is my friend Colonel Jones, whose name is a household word in the community where he lives. Colonel, you are in the ——"

"Brick business, sir," said Colonel Jones.

"Ah, and where is your mine: in New or old Mexico?"

"*Building* bricks, sir," said Colonel Jones.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I suppose you left your constituents well. You know I quite mistook you at first, for when we meet a man in New York we don't suppose he is here in any—well, what you might term material interests, but something along the shadowy line, you know. This city, sir, is the market-house of schemes, where vanities are daily quoted. And speaking of bricks reminds me that this morning I was approached by a gentleman who was—well, reluctantly willing to sell me some stock in the Full Moon mine, of Idaho. His talk interested me very much, for I assure you that good talkers are becoming scarce. To his rounded periods I listened with I may well say delight, and even I might have yielded to the point of investment had it not been for one trifling circumstance."

"And what was that?" some one inquired

"Why, the recollection that I was one of the original owners of the mine and had fortunately disposed of my interest. Ahem "

The American bowed himself out, and nothing more was seen of him until late in the evening when he came into the Turkish room. In a flutter the ladies made a place for him, and he declared that they had done him proud.

"I think," said he, as he sat down, "that I have passed a profitable day, not more so for myself than for the people in my country, whom I shall tell something of what I saw. I was out at Ellis Island, the place where the immigrants land, and I must say that I was profoundly and not altogether pleasantly impressed. Ladies, economics perhaps do not interest you, that is at present; but some of you may move out to Colorado or to other States where the right of suffrage has been extended to your sex. And I wish to remark that every citizen in this country should be interested in Ellis Island. Once in a while the newspapers mention it; we are told that so many thousands landed this year or last year; and, occasionally, some Congressman, with an eye to the future, tells of the continuous inflow. But I wanted to see for myself, and I did. It was the first time that I ever contemplated the rawest material of which citizens are made, and I was not inspired with veneration for the statesmanship of forefathers who were so eager for increase in the young republic's inhabitants as to hold out an invitation not only to the oppressed but to the scum of the earth. A nation is but a family, and who would think of inviting into his household a degenerate and a fugitive from the justice of an older association?"

"But we should not shut our doors upon the needy and the suffering," spoke up a local politician

"No, not upon the suffering—not surely upon those whose minds have been caged; but why should we be a hospital or at least an asylum for the pauper? It would be as wise to empty foreign prisons into this country's lap as to make voters of such material. This is as well known to the average politician as ballot-box stuffing was to the carpetbagger, but the average politician is a moral coward. I beg your pardon, sir."

"Oh, go ahead, Colonel, and if you tell the truth about me I'll grin and bear it," replied the politician

"Sir, I thank you," said the Colonel, and thus he continued: "Shutting his eyes, the politician falls off into an oratorical swoon over the liberties granted by our glorious Constitution. To lubricate his joints anent the race for office he would stew the grease out of the Declaration of Independence. He would pluck the tail-feathers from the bird of freedom and stick them into the grimy hats of the newly naturalized. Out in a town where I lived, sir, they naturalized two thousand in one day "

"Is that a fact? And what came of it?"

"What came of it? Confound them, they beat me for mayor, sir."

"Ah, that was bad. But go ahead. We are getting information "

"I thank you, sir. As this is a gateway to America, every American ought to visit Ellis Island. It would give him a new view of the evil chances taken in our constant effort to assimilate some of the worst elements of the human family Statistics of immigration are sometimes quoted as an evidence of prosperity. But there is a vast difference between the influx of honest blood and the inoculation of criminal pauperism. Falstaff's recruits, with only a shirt and a half to a company, could boast of a complete wardrobe compared with some of the European outcasts that expect to be turned loose upon the shores of America. A few dollars in hand should not be set us up as the gauge of admission. Money can be stolen, you know, and to a thief we might be offering the premium of citizenship. The psychologist should be present and the scientist ought to pass upon the quality of the candidate. Lax laws are criminal, and the future will hold us responsible for our looseness. I am told by the officials that sometimes out of the thousands of immigrants that land in a day at least one half of the number are but adventurers who have no thought of remaining here. To their nature material production is more foreign than the shores they are about to pollute, and after an illegitimate levy upon the public they return to their former homes to spread the report of the ease and freedom granted to them in America. Sir, the negro problem in the South may be serious, but let the East look to Ellis Island."

After a short silence the politician spoke. "Every man who comes to New York from ——"

"America," suggested the Colonel.

"All right. Every man who comes here from the West or the South soon appoints himself a censor of our manners and customs. With much threshing-out out falls an occasional grain, but we don't deserve to be called un-American simply because we happen to be more civilized than the rest of the country."

"More civilized," the Colonel grunted. "And that is where you are most wrong and where you deserve the most and harshest criticism. You assume the air of superior civilization when in fact you are behind in some respects—behind Western cities of not more than two hundred thousand population. Artificiality does not constitute other than the decay of real civilization. And here you are artificial. You not only acknowledge it but sometimes you boast of it. No matter how much or how little a man may possess he assumes something which he does not possess. Is that a sign of enlightenment? And you make a pretentious show of your chilliness as if that were anything to be proud of. I can make the appearance of a man out of snow, and you couldn't hope to rival his chilliness, could you? I don't suppose, either, that some of you lay over him intellectually to any apparent degree. How many of the nation's great men have ever come from this town—that is, until they came here other than by nature's original process? You have been compelled to build your monuments to outsiders "

"Colonel, you talk like a candidate in a Western town."

"I recognize that, sir, to be a reproach. But permit me to accept it as a compliment. The most of latter-day legislation that has been of marked benefit to the country has come from the West "

"You are coming it pretty strong, as they might say out in your country."

"I thank you, sir. We regard strength as a virtue."

"If you gentlemen are going to get into a political quarrel it is time for us to go," said one of the ladies, and the Colonel arose with a bow. "Madam, we are talking like brothers. You simply have misunderstood us. Sit down and let me tell you of the one time in my life when I held office." She smiled and sat down, and the Colonel continued, after warmly shaking hands with the local politician

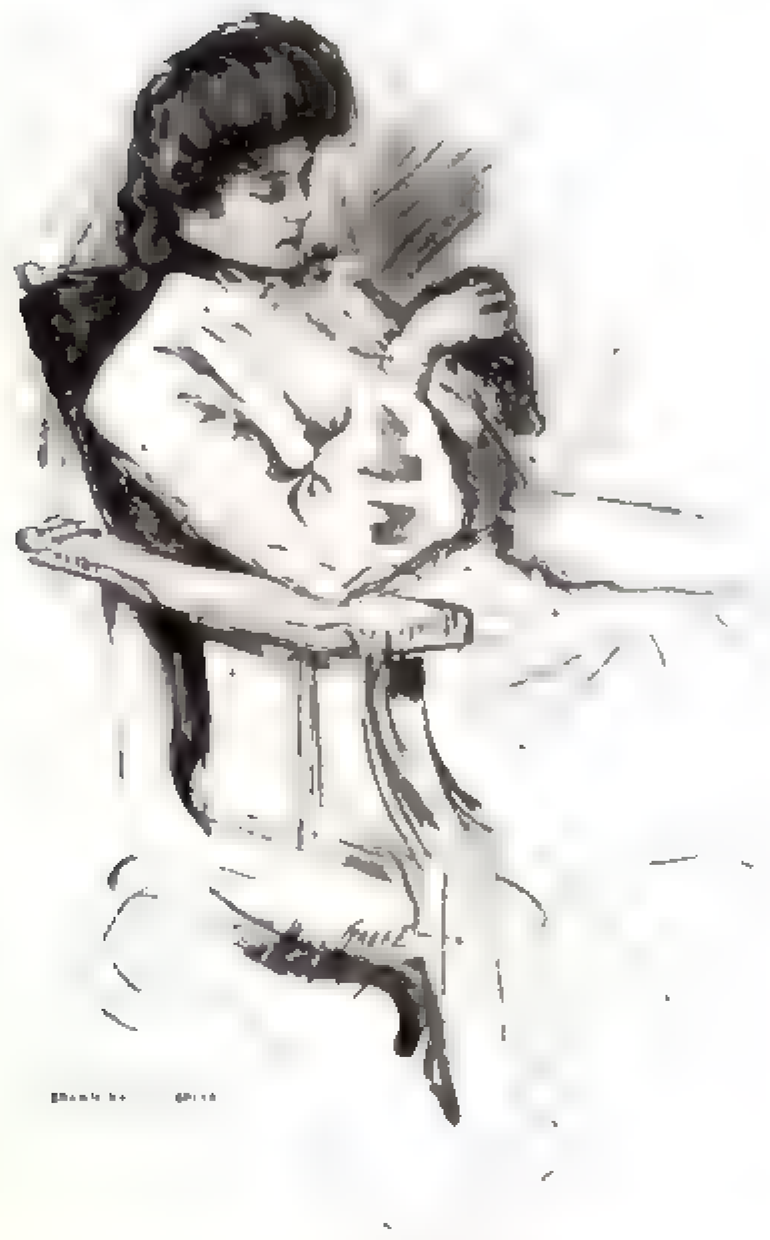
"It was in a rural community of the South that I was elected to the office of justice of the peace. I was not graced with any too much law, but I thought I knew what justice was, a fact proved by my first decision. One day a negro appeared and said that he wanted to bring suit for ten dollars against my old friend Jim Gordon, a planter who lived not far away. The plaintiff said that he didn't need a lawyer, that he was willing to leave it to me, so I sent for Jim and he came over, as mad as a hornet he was, too, when he found that he had been sued. 'Why, confound that nigger, I don't owe him a cent and never did,' said he. But I told him that justice was justice and therefore I must hear the nigger's story. 'It wus disser way,' said he. 'It wus a cold day, not long ago, an' I wuz er settin' on a stump down by de ribber, an' ez I looked at de skim o' ice along de sho' I 'lows ter merse'f dat I wuz monstus glad I didn't hatter git in dat water. 'Bout dat time yere come Mr. Gordon. He didn't say nuthin' till he dun set down on ernuder stump clost by me, an' den he take out er twenty-fi'-cent piece, an' den he 'low dat ober at de sto' dey had jest got in some licker, two drinks fur er quarter, dat would make er man smack his mouf all day. I tol' him I'd like mighty well ter hab at leas' one o' dem lickers but didn't 'sess de quarter. He 'lowed dat wuz bad an' I 'grees wid him. Den he look at de quarter in his han' an' says he doan want it no longer an' flings it in de riber. I didn't want ter git in dat col' water. He oughter knowed dat fack, but in he flung it, an' wid de taste o' dat licker already in my mouf I jumps in, an' I grabbles round till up I comes wid er han'ful o' mud an' in de mud wuz de twenty-fi' cents. I washes my han' an' de money an' I strikes er trot fur de sto'. I axed de man 'hind de counter an' he say de liquor wuz dar, an' I set my mouf fur two drinks an' tol' him ter fetch 'em out. Den I put my money on de counter, 'fo' I got de licker, an' de man he tuck up de quarter, he did, sorter looked at it an' flung it back ter me wid de 'nouncement dat it wuz counterfeit. An' so it wuz, Jedge. Wall, suh, de disserp'intment tergeder wid de col' water makes me sick, an' I wuz in bed two weeks an' lost at least ten dollars, an' I now hol's dat dis yere Mr. Gordon he owe it ter me.'

"Then Gordon spoke up. 'Judge,' said he, 'I hold that a man has a right to throw a piece of pewter in the river whenever he has a mind to. So, I don't owe him any money.' He was my friend, Jim Gordon was, but, as I said before, justice was justice. 'Sir,' said I, 'you undoubtedly have a right to throw pewter in the river, and the law says that you have an equal right to throw your own quarters into the water, but equity, which, let me inform you, goes a little beyond law, declares that when a man throws a quarter into the river it must be a good quarter or he lays himself liable for making current a counterfeit. Therefore, you owe this nigger ten dollars.' And i'gad, I made him pay it.

"Will you gentlemen repair with me to the bar-room and join me in something soft? Ladies, I wish you good-night."

The Singular Miss Smith

By Florence Morse Kingsley



ONE OF WHICH SHE WAS LABORIOUSLY MENDING WITH EMBROIDERY SILK

CHAPTER VIII

HERE I am at home once more, and I will confess, to begin with, that it seems perfectly delightful. I am sure it never occurred to me before to be the least bit grateful for such commonplace articles as porcelain bathtubs, well-made hair mattresses—yes, and smooth, clean, linen sheets and soft white blankets. I even sat for a whole hour in one of the most cushiony chairs in Aunt Nugent's sitting room while she plaintively rehearsed the circumstances of Doctor Gallatin's recent engagement to Lucy Brandon.

"It was announced only yesterday," sighed Aunt Nugent, "it was such a painful surprise to me, my love, that I could scarcely have slept a wink all night if it had not been for dear Doctor Pilkington's Evening Reflections. I had Susan set the reading-lamp right at the bedside, and I'm sure I must have stayed awake full half an hour before I was calm and resigned. Why didn't you come home before, dear Anne?"

"I couldn't," I replied seriously; "I was having such a good time."

"You look it," aquiesced Aunt Nugent, shaking her head mournfully. "Well, I'm sure I ought to rejoice if you can view the matter in that light. But when I reflect, my love, on what *might* have been it is hard for me to be reconciled."

> "'Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, it might have been!'"

I quoted irreverently. Then we went out for a drive and I enjoyed it more than I ever enjoyed a drive in my life. I don't remember that I have noticed before how comfortable the carriage is. And Winston looked so handsome and dignified on the box. He was perfectly delighted to see me, though of course he didn't dare say so. Dear old fellow, I have raised his wages. Aunt Nugent declares that it is perfectly absurd. Perhaps it is, but it seems to me that faithful service like Winston's cannot be paid for in money.

Mr. Hilton said something of the sort when he gave me my month's wages. Mr. Hilton is Mrs. Ely's father. I told him that I did not deserve a whole month's wages since I had only been in the place three weeks, and besides, I had frequently been wasteful.

He looked at me so sharply that I regretted my expansive honesty; I fear it isn't after the usual custom of the shelf.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "that you remind me strongly—very strongly, in fact—of an old college friend of mine. The name is the same, too—Smith. John Smith was his name. If it were not for the fact that he died a very wealthy man I should be inclined to ask you some questions."

As it was he did put me through a species of civil service examination, and ended by inviting me to travel in Europe with Mrs. Ely in the capacity of lady's maid. They are all going abroad for a year. Of course I refused; my experiments on the kitchen plane do not include a sojourn in foreign parts.

I wonder just how long I should have remained with the Ely's if it had not been for that Joubert waist. I certainly had no intention of leaving when my mistress bade me "go away" after I had announced the pudding. She was crying bitterly, I could hear that, and I deliberately—yes, deliberately and without a blush—listened at the door till I heard Mr. Richard Ely say in that deep, boyish bass of his. "Don't cry so, darling little wife. Of course you didn't know sweetheart—I couldn't bear to tell you. I thought I could manage it some way so you wouldn't find out what a beggar you had married. But I shan't always be so, dear."

I went away then and carefully put the pudding in the safe. It would do, I thought, for to-morrow's dinner. Then I took the cook book and set myself to study the chapter on domestic economy as I never studied before. I served hash on toast for breakfast for the next three mornings, and the two of them partook of it meekly, though I afterward learned a better way of disposing of left overs.

The leave-taking was very protracted indeed, that day, and Mrs. Ely did not come to the kitchen for a long time afterward. This made me a little uneasy, so after a while I contrived an errand to the parlor. There sat my little mistress, her sweet face drooped over a lapful of multicolored socks, one of which she was laboriously mending with embroidery silk. She looked up with a startled blush when I tapped on the half-open door. "Oh, Anne," she said plaintively, "do you know how to darn stockings? This hole looks awfully queer to me now I've sewed it up. The housekeeper always used to do our mending. Mother died when I was a tiny baby, so I didn't learn ever so many things that I ought to have learned. I don't believe daddy thought I should ever need to know anything about work. But I do, Anne, but I shall try hard to learn."

Now it chanced that fine darning is one of my few accomplishments. Aunt Nugent is an exquisite needlewoman and she insisted upon that much. How I used to detest the hours spent in her room! I was distinctly glad now that I was mistress of the womanly art. The "queer-looking hole" was first reduced to its normal dimensions; then I gave the little lady her first lesson in darning. She was pathetically grateful, and followed me out to the kitchen when the stockings were finally put away in neat rolls.

"I don't know a bit more about cooking than I do about sewing," she sighed, pulling the cook-book toward her with a puzzled frown. "It seems to me cooking is harder to remember than even geometry—and I never understood the first word of that. I should think it might develop the mind just as well to learn useful things as a jumble of theorems and stuff that one forgets as soon as possible. Now you know a lot about useful things, Anne, and yet you look really educated—indeed you do, Anne. Dick—I mean Mr. Ely—and I were talking about it yesterday, and Dick said he thought I was as lucky as could be to get you for twelve dollars. I think so, too, and I mean to have you stay with us always—just as Hannah stays at home. Why, it would seem too queer for anything without Hannah. Daddy says she's a part of the furniture."

I began to meditate on the subject of "Daddy" as I looked at the sparkling little face bent over the cook-book. It is singular how often I am inclined to use the adjective "little" in connection with Mrs. Richard Ely. As I said in the beginning, she is tall—as tall as I, and I measure full five feet eight inches. I think it must be because of the exquisite girlish slimness of her shape, and the delicacy of her features.

I rattled the plates loudly to hide my embarrassment while I put a question. "Will your father be coming to visit you soon, ma'am?" It was a decided impertinence, but I put a bold face on it. "I was thinking we ought to learn some new dishes, so if he came unexpectedly we——"

Her face paled and quivered. "Oh, Anne," she breathed, "daddy doesn't even know where I live."

I cut two slices of bread with deliberation.

"I—we—were married—rather unexpectedly to daddy, and—and—he was very angry with Dick. He sent me a letter to say good-by." She was almost sobbing now, her face bent low over the cook-book.

"In that case," I said, calmly turning to the range with the toasting-fork, "I should write and invite him for a week's visit."

"Oh, Anne, *should* you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I certainly should. He'll be sure to want to see you by this time."

She stayed quietly in her own room after luncheon, and about three o'clock appeared at the kitchen door to tell me she was going out for a walk. "I decided—to take your advice, Anne," she turned back to say with a quivering smile. "And—and—Anne, would you—I mean, do you think if I shouldn't tell Mr. Ely—until daddy comes, you know; just for a surprise. It would be a lovely surprise for Dick, wouldn't it?"

"I am sure of it," I assented gravely. "I should keep it for a surprise, by all means."

Then I fell into a shameful state of trepidation during which I broke the butter-dish and dented the best saucepan. Suppose the man won't come? Or suppose he should come in the guise of a roaring dragon to break up this dovecote. I felt tolerably certain of one thing, and that was the surprise in store for Mr. Richard Ely.

On the fifth afternoon after my mistress mailed her letter I was alone in the kitchen. Mr. and Mrs. Ely were out, and I was busy preparing the vegetables for dinner. There was a heavy step in the passage, and a sharp rat-tat sounded on the panels of the door. I opened it, thinking it might be the woman with the laundry. A big, ruddy-faced, white-bearded man confronted me. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "Who's this?"

I knew him in a minute. "My mistress is out, sir," I said civilly. "Won't you walk in, if you please, sir." I ushered him into the little parlor, where the first thing his eyes rested upon was a photograph of himself in golf clothes. Mrs. Ely had arranged violets beneath it in a tiny vase.

"Hump!" ejaculated the old gentleman, blowing his nose violently. "Guess I've struck the right place. Hold on, you——" I had begun to retreat kitchenward. "Who are *you*, anyhow?"

"I am Mrs. Ely's maid, sir," I replied, glad of my clean white apron and irreproachable collar.

"Well, well, well, upon my soul!" he exclaimed irrelevantly. "Where'd you say your mistress is?"

"She is out walking with Mr. Ely, sir."

At this he exploded violently under his breath, his face turning so purple that I was alarmed for an instant. "Does the puppy treat her well?" he demanded fiercely.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," I said with tranquil stupidity; "there's no puppy about the place that I know of, sir."

The old gentleman burst out with a great laugh, and being seemingly restored to good-humor by it, began a leisurely tour of inspection about the premises. "You can go about your business, my girl," he said to me. "And mind you get a good dinner; I'm as hungry as a hunter."

"JOEY"

Not long afterward when the rightful proprietors of the ménage suddenly appeared in the kitchen I almost upset the custard pudding.

"Why, Anne," exclaimed my young mistress, "did we startle you? We've brought home the prettiest little angel's cake for dinner. It's Mr. Ely's birthday, and I'm going to put candles on it. Give me the candles, Dick."

She began sticking the pink tapers about the edge of her cake, laughing childishly, while Mr. Ely watched her with a happier face than I had seen him wear for many days. Just then the door from the dining-room opened noisily, and the ruddy-faced old man stepped into the kitchen. "Hello, sweetheart," he called out cheerfully, "is dinner most ready?"

Mr. Richard Ely's face was a study during the minute and a half that Mrs. Ely was lost to sight in a profusion of white whiskers and big arms. "Oh, daddy," she sobbed, "I never knew before how much I loved you!"

"It's just as I expected, then; this young jackanapes has been abusing you," growled the old man, glaring implacably at Mr. Richard Ely over his daughter's bent head.

"Why are you here, sir?" demanded the young man, his blue eyes flashing something very like fire.

"Why am I here, sir? Because I was invited, sir. Your wife here invited me to visit her. Didn't she ask your permission?"

"Oh, daddy," sighed Mrs. Ely, bestowing another rapturous kiss on the old gentleman's ruddy cheek, "please don't be absurd. I invited you for a surprise for Dick — and to think it's his birthday, too!"

The two men looked at each other carefully. Then both of them burst out laughing. "Are you surprised, sir?" roared the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Richard Ely. "I *am*."

Of course they didn't stay in the kitchen after that, and I was glad of it; that kitchen was at best a tight fit for four, and I wanted it all to myself just then. My dinner was a perfect success. I served it with an honest pride and pleasure that I shall never forget.

I have come to the conclusion that the only knowledge worth having is usable knowledge *used*. Any other sort quickly becomes dusty rubbish.

I have been at home two weeks to-day. What, after all, was the good of my late experiments? I find that I am more dissatisfied than ever. Once when I was a little girl I remember driving out with Aunt Nugent. Something happened to the carriage and we were forced to stop for an hour while a blacksmith put it to rights. There was a cottage just across the road, shut off from the street by a flowering hedge. After a little I ventured to look through the hedge and saw two children playing at tea party under an apple-tree. I had never played at tea party, so I stood there peeping enviously till Aunt Nugent called me away.

"Wait just a minute, aunty," I begged; "I want to see them eat their round cake." But I wasn't allowed, and presently rolled away in the carriage feeling distinctly injured.

If one cannot have a round cake for one's self it may be sorry comfort to look on at another's feast, but it is something everybody wants to do just the same.

CHAPTER IX

THE kitchen shelf draws me with a curious but wholly irresistible fascination. I must be perfectly honest with myself, however well it would sound to affirm that I am returning to it because of a profound interest in sociological reform. Aunt Nugent attributes my desire to go away a second time to ill-concealed chagrin over Doctor Gallatin's easy resignation to fate and the rather mature charms of Lucy Brandon. "My poor, *dear* child," she said, regarding me with moistened spectacles, "do let aunty go with you and help you to bear it."

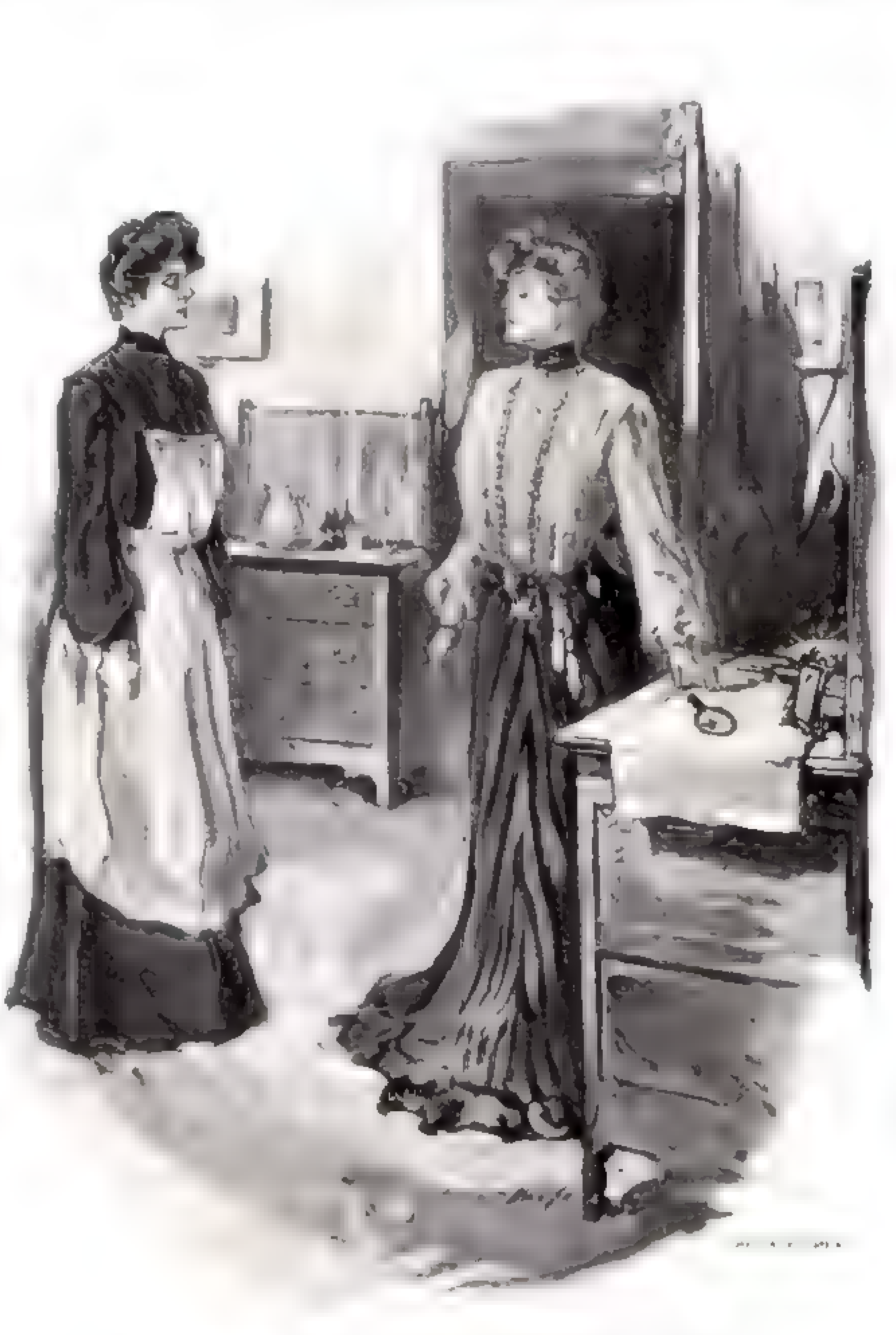
"Bear what, aunt?" I inquired tartly.

"You shouldn't try to hide anything from *me*, my love," she sighed. "I have learned to read between the lines."

I laughed disagreeably, and went on with my packing. I am performing this duty myself, to Lizzie's annoyance.

"I hope you will write me more frequently than you did last time," went on Aunt Nugent. "Your letters are always so unsatisfactory; they are more like letters from one's man of business, I am sure, than from a young lady to a female relative. Letter-writing, my child, is fast becoming one of the lost arts."

I abjectly promised all sorts of impossibilities, and finally got away in the edge of the evening, which kindly concealed the shortcomings of my traveling costume from interested eyes. Mrs. Buckle was unaffectedly glad to see me. I am to work for my board while suiting myself with a place.



"BUT NEVER MIND; I'D LIKE TO KNOW ONE THING ARE YOU STUCK ON JOEY LARKINS?"

Mrs. Buckle says I am not at all stupid in the kitchen, and I really wait on the table to perfection. Nobody at Mrs. B's table appreciates my skill, however. To quote the good lady's own words: "All they wants is to eat and git." The boarders are mostly factory and shop girls, with a sprinkling of respectable "single gents"—mechanics and the like. I find there are as well-established social lines in Mrs. Buckle's boarding-house as elsewhere. For example, the black-haired, red-cheeked young woman who occupies Mrs. Buckle's second-story front, all by herself, is a very fashionable person indeed. She is a forewoman—I mean lady—in a stocking factory, and looks down from her exalted eminence upon the humbler toilers who sleep in the many-bedded back rooms.

Miss Stella Kimbark—for such is the forelady's name—is wonderfully small about the waist, which seems, indeed, curiously to divide her person into sections like an insect, the upper division sustaining a great quantity of beads, fringes and glittering pins, variously disposed upon its rotund surface; the lower division exhibiting a vast quantity of swishing, rustling, beruffled and befrilled draperies.

Miss Kimbark scowls at me haughtily while ordering me to fill her glass, or to pass her plate for pie. More frequently she does not see me at all, even when I venture a humble "good-morning" with the daily paper, subscribed for all the boarders, but invariably laid at Miss Kimbark's place on the breakfast-table. The young woman, if she happens to be in a good humor, will frequently entertain the entire table with spicy bits culled from the fashion or society columns.

"Say, ladies and gents," she announced this morning, "I am truly grieved to say that pompadours are goin' out for sure; it's the proper caper now to part your hair in the middle and do it up in a bun, with smashin' big hairpins. It ain't a bit becomin' to yours truly an' I sh'll stick to my frizzed pomp. What's good enough for the royal princesses of England is good enough for me."

Even brute atoms are said to revolve in circles about a central point. Speaking of atoms, it gives one an odd feeling to regard a cracked teacup or a greasy dishcloth and conceive of it as composed of systems of atoms in active rotary motion. After all, what is the good of being any sort of an atom?

I asked Mrs. Buckle to-day if she thought life was worth living; the two of us were washing dishes in the murky kitchen in an atmosphere heavily charged with greasy mutton, fried pancakes and yellow soap. Mrs. Buckle has undoubtedly passed the greater part of her life in a similar environment. It gives one an odd complexion.

"Now don't you go to gettin' downhearted, Annie," she said kindly. "I'm perfec'ly willin' to keep you right along, now 't you're gettin' broke to harness. I guess I c'd afford to give you as much as a dollar'n a half a week an' your board. You ain't a bit like some of the girls I've tried to keep, an' that's right! Gracious, I got so wore out with 'em 'at I'd about give up keepin' help."

I thanked the good woman, and told her I should certainly stay till I was suited with a place. "But you haven't answered my question," I insisted.

"You won't be askin' it long, I'll bet," she chuckled. "Let a girl get a-holt of a steady beau an' she knows life's worth livin' all right."

"But I haven't a beau," I said honestly. "I never had one."

"Well, you'll have one now if you ain't too terrible toppin'. Ain't you got no eyes for Joey? He's fell head over heels in love with you. But the's times, Annie, when you cert'nly do put on awful airs, I've noticed it. I dunno where you ever learnt 'em; but airs don't go down with honest lads like Joey—'specially as you ain't really pretty."

"Who is Joey?" I inquired.

"Why, land! Ain't you found out who Joey Larkins is? He sets acrost the table from Stella Kimbark, an' he *has* kep' comp'ny with her off and on. Stella's ready to eat you alive now—so Emma Pollock tol' me; an' you kin bet 'at Emma knows."

That same evening I made an errand about the water-pitcher in Miss Kimbark's apartment. It was just before supper. The forewoman of the stocking factory stood by the flaring gas-jet examining her complexion in a hand glass with a slightly dissatisfied air. She stared at me with a frown that drew her black brows in a straight line across her face. "Put down that pitcher," she commanded sharply, "an' come here."

I obeyed.

"Now, then," began Miss Kimbark coolly, "I want you should explain yourself. Where'd you come from? And what are you up to here? Don't lie now." Her angry black eyes pierced like a knife.

"What business is it of yours?" I retorted, tossing my head.

She interrupted with a stamp of her foot. "Drop that, with me; drop it, I say! You ain't what you pretend to be, I know that much. Now, what you doin' here?"

"How should you know anything about me?"

Miss Kimbark laughed loudly. "How should I know anything about you?" she repeated derisively. "Well, if you really want to know I'll tell you. I've been in your room, miss, an' overhauled yer togs."

"How dare you do such a thing?" I asked.

"How dare I? Why, I don' know as it took such an awful sight of darin' on my part," sneered the lady. "I jus' toddled right into yer apartment an' made myself to home, that's the way I done it. I've got a key that fits most locks that comes my way, an' I ain't afraid to use it, neither."

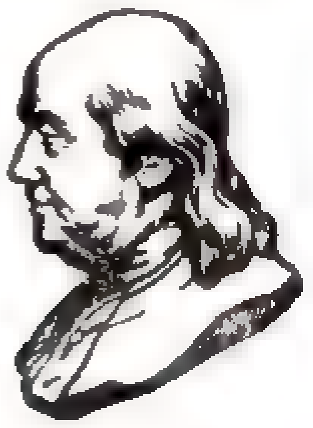
"Well, what then?"

"I read your book. The imper'ance of you to be starin' at yer betters the way you done. I c'd slap your face fer you, Miss Big-eyes; makin' pretty mouths at the boarders, and perkin' up yer chin. I got on to the fact 'at you hadn't worked fer yer livin' first thing I seen you. Yer hands must ha' been tended awful careful, I sh'd say, to keep 'em like that. Look at them nails, now."

"Suppose I do take care of my finger-nails," I said coolly, "and suppose I like to write what I think about people in a blank book. What do you propose to do about it?"

(Continued on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Japanese Loyalty

IT IS being said that the Japanese are so "loyal" that "the secret wish and noblest ideal of every Japanese is to die for his Mikado." And the saying is getting a great deal of admiration. But is it admirable? Is it not, on the contrary, a low and ignorant and barbarous ideal, indicative of the long distance the Japanese have to go before they reach real enlightenment?

How pitiful would we think an American who incarnated his country in a mere man, and that man one who had not earned his title to leadership but was a mere hereditary accident? Think of having as one's noblest ideal to die for Theodore Roosevelt! Yet, man for man, the Mikado is probably a very small potato beside Mr. Roosevelt.

"Loyal" has a good meaning, high and noble. But it isn't often used in that sense

Spring Fever

WE ARE now in the beginning of that season in which it is supposed to be proper and natural to feel languid; only the powerful and the lucky are supposed to be able to get off without a spell of fever. Why? The answer always is, "Oh, spring always affects people that way."

Some day we shall really believe, instead of merely repeating parrot fashion, that everything has a cause. When that day comes we shall not be languid and half or wholly ill in the midst of a world in which life, vigorous, pure, exuberant, is bubbling over, after the winter's rest. The only kind of sick that are not out of harmony in the spring are the love-sick.

A Man's Explanation

IT IS impossible to read competent biographies of great men or to study the superior men about one without verifying the old saying that genius is feminine. Why, then, is it that the male dominates?

Possibly this may be in the direction of an explanation: The male has force but is impatient of detail. The female has the patience for detail but lacks force. The superior person has masculine force plus feminine grasp of detail—plus the power to select the essential details and to reject the non-essentials.

A Nonsensical Crusade

IN VARIOUS parts of the country vigorous crusades under the banner of art are waging against advertisements in public places; and beyond question, there are places that ought to be sacred from the sign-painter and the bill-poster. But on the other hand, isn't there a good deal of nonsense in this crusading? Are the elaborate signs, the flaming and varied pictures on dead walls and in vacant places in cars and stations "unsightly" and "offensive"? Aren't they more often clever, amusing, beguiling and, on the whole, less unsightly than the vacant places would be? Wouldn't many of our passionate devotees of "art" find them "picturesque" if they were in a strange, far-away land or were described in a handbook of the Italian cities of the Renaissance?

There are few subjects about which so much "rot" is talked as about "art." Simple people should be cautious and alert when the self-appointed high priests of æsthetics are preaching.

The Problem of Problems

IN EVERY nation, among every people, there is always a central problem about which all other national problems, moral and industrial, social and political, group themselves as planets, and asteroids, and comets, and meteors, and moons group about a sun.

What is our central problem?

Is it not a statement of fact that within a few years enormous, incredible fortunes have amassed in the hands of a comparatively few, and that these fortunes represent to an amazing extent investments which were originally little if anything more than paper for the manufacture of stocks and bonds and the cost of printing the certificates thereon?

In its political aspect this is the problem upon which the people have been thinking ever since 1884. And they are thinking about it now, more intently, more intelligently—and more resolutely. That problem, whether you call it the trust question or the tariff question, is certain to come squarely forward for solution before many years. Prudent men will hope—and will work—that it may come to an issue in the good-humored times of plenty, and not in the hard times to which short-sighted greed is plotting to postpone it.

Where Every Word Counts

IF YOU have a letter or an article to write in which every word ought to count its utmost, is it a good plan to dictate to a stenographer or to use a typewriter?

Dictation and the direct use of the typewriter are invitations to quick, verbose, slovenly work. Where quickness is the main point, beyond question the man who can dictate or use the machine has the advantage. But where verbosity and slovenliness are perilous—what then?

In this amazing modern civilization of ours there is an amazing lot of time "saved" that had much better have been spent. The man with the stenographer can spread himself out, but he ought to be careful lest he spread himself out too thin.

The Absentee Proprietor

THE president of one of the great railways said recently that, in his opinion, the most disquieting feature of our industrial development was the decline among employees of that feeling which used to make them say with pride "our factory" or "our railway." For this phenomenon he had several explanations—trades unionism and the growth of class feeling among others. But is there not a deeper reason, one to which all others are corollary?

Is there any decline of this *esprit de corps* in those industries in which the owner is in direct control, in direct contact with his men, and in which promotion goes strictly by merit and length of service? Is it not natural, inevitable, yes, just, that men should, as they become more intelligent, refuse to be loyal to those who are not loyal to them?

The Sensitive Slav

UNLESS our Russian friends are careful we shall really be annoyed. The press of St. Petersburg seems determined to pick a quarrel with us, and the press of St. Petersburg seldom does anything very distasteful to its own Government.

We have felt a traditional friendship for Russia. Whether the alleged secret instructions to the Russian fleet during the Civil War were a reality or a myth, the mutual sympathy between the two peoples and their Governments was a historical fact. The Russians seem to feel now that this sympathy entitles them to the unquestioning support of the United States in any policy they may choose to adopt, regardless of American interests or of any friendship we may feel for any other nation with which Russia may have a dispute.

In their disappointment at finding that this view is not held in America they have turned upon us viciously, and their newspapers are making a business of stirring up popular sentiment against us. Apparently they keep correspondents in this country whose sole duty is to send over wild stories of Yankee hostility. No yarn is too extravagant to be made the basis of frenzied denunciations of American perfidy, and when the belated truth finally finds its way to the light there is no apology for the criticisms based on the lie If we send our fleet to Olongapo, in the Philippines, expressly to keep it away from regions in which its presence might be misconstrued, the telegraph twists the name of the place of destination to Yongampho, in Korea, and the Russian press falls upon us for intruding into the war zone. When the commander of an American gunboat at Chemulpo sends the first boats to pick up the wounded and offers them the hospitality of his supply-ship, which they decline, the Russian papers shriek that he refused to render any assistance, and a Russian lady repels the hand of her American chum on the ground that the inhumanity of this naval officer has made all Americans hateful to her. When a private corporation is said to be thinking of asking permission to land one end of a cable at Guam, with the intention of landing the other end in Japan, the Russian newspapers announce that the United States Government is going to violate neutrality by laying a cable to preserve Japan's communications with the outside world.

These things are becoming a little monotonous, even wearisome It is time for the Russians to realize that if they have been our friends in the past so have the Japanese, and that popular sympathy in a war like this is not governed by past friendship but by the merits of the present dispute. France is our oldest friend among the nations, yet the opinions the French expressed about our war with Spain would have made us mob their Embassy if we had been afflicted with Russian sensitiveness.

The Gray Wolves

FROM the capital of every important State whose Legislature is in session comes news of big corporations industriously and corruptly slipping and sliding toward the statute books various plans to grab, to steal and to cheat, and these plans have, in most cases, been prepared by men of high standing at the bar, acting under the orders of managements composed of "best citizens."

These worthy gentlemen, in excuse for themselves, make such pleas as that they "can't get their rights without stealing them," because legislators are corrupt or peoples are prejudiced against public corporations. Are their minds so stupid or their consciences so dull that they can fool even themselves with such shufflings?

Pressing Work

WHETHER or not there is too much optimism in the calculation that the sun will continue to maintain life upon the earth for at least thirty million years, certain it is that the age of man has a long, long future. There is plenty of time. No one need be discouraged, much less in despair, because affairs municipal, state, national or international are not to his liking. Wrong and injustice are old inhabitants; right and justice are comparative newcomers, and they seem to be slowly gaining in popularity.

Yes, there is plenty of time for all the follies to be outgrown and all the big wrongs to be righted. There is plenty of time for everything—except for the individual to get himself "in line." There's the work that presses—for each man to uplift himself, improve himself, reform himself. That must be done in a hurry, or it won't be done at all; and, curiously enough, all the big reforming jobs are waiting upon it

A College Language

EVERY profession has its own professional language; its terms may be technical or may be called slang. But of all types the college student has a language most affluent, impressive and picturesque.

Certain words common to all colleges are also more or less common in ordinary speech. In some cases these words have crept from the academic vernacular into the language; in other cases they have been drawn from ordinary speech and applied with specific meaning to academic conditions. In many colleges "to work" is to gain the favor of an instructor by deception; a "trot," either as a noun or a verb, is to make use of a translation; a "trade-last" is an exchange of compliments; a "tacky" man is a poor, worthless, confused fellow; "to pull" is to obtain favor; a "measly" man is an unsophisticated fellow.

The number of zoological terms that the college world has adopted, in its own special sense, is large and picturesque. Whatever is pleasant may be a "berry" or a "fruit"; an agreeable person is a "peach"; a greenhorn is a "buckwheat"; an old man with white, curly hair is sometimes called a "cotton-top," and a young negro may be known as a "charcoal lily" or a "chocolate drop." Of course, also, the term "pony" or "horse" is characteristic. Milk is known as "cow-juice," eggs as "hen-fruit," and the sausage as "doggy" or "bow-wow"

In college vernacular it would be proper to say that the "independent" (non fraternity man) went to the "churl" (a dormitory for women students), and found a "p. g. using a jack" (a translation). She was a "warm baby" (a hard student), and the next year they both took a "cottage course" (married before graduating). Then forthwith they went on a "jink" (a small celebration or spread), after which she became a "med-ben" (medical student), and he went to board at the college commons.

SENATE QUARTZ.

And What it Assays to the Ton

By Alfred Henry Lewis

SOME vivacious Frenchman said that a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks. I do not propose to be drawn into any discussion of woman. She is no more to be improved than a calla lily is to be improved. Moreover, my pencil, however kindly, is too coarse for work of such peachblow delicacy. It would be as though a stevedore handled spun glass or lace.

As for your man: there, indeed, I am sure of my ground. Now I should say the Gaul was right, and that a man is as old as he feels. Certainly, a man may claim to be young until he makes a merit of mere years and demands a hearing, not for any wisdom, but because of the accident of his antiquity. Thus the man has ever the question of his age in his own keeping. If a man of thirty cry, "Heed me, for I have lived on this earth three decades!" he will be old. By the same token, Mr. Pettus, who stands within seeing distance of his ninetieth year, who fought through the Mexican War and visited California in a time so early that he may sing in sincerity of "The days of old!—the days of gold!—the days of forty-nine!" is young, since he never mentions his age and gets angry if you do.

By force of the above, among other Senate youngsters one enrolls Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Bailey and Mr. Lodge. For myself, I do this the more willingly since, one and all, they stand eminent for wisdom and white worth. Tossed upon the scales, the least of them will weigh up with what other Senate statesman one may lay hands on, grope where one will. These thoughts ran in my head as I sat at table this morning laying a foundation for the day with a breakfast of bacon and eggs. In the finish they decided me to repair to the Senate. I might there consider these gentlemen and observe what deeds of legislative derring they might do.

Mr. Dubois, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Bailey are in constant evidence on the firing-line of Senate affairs. This, when one remembers a Senate day that was, marks how far that sage convention has abandoned former standards and departed from old trails. For a century after its creation the Senate made itself snow and ice to the newcomer. He was taught to wrap himself in silence like a toga. He might keep warm, but he must keep quiet. If he stood on his feet the oldsters glared at him with goggle eyes like ancient arctic walruses. If this did not quell him into mute humility the walruses slipped off their respective cakes of ice and swam to the sullen seclusion of the cloakrooms, leaving the youngster talking to himself. Being of sensitive newness, and shaken by the timidity that belongs to a stranger in a strange land, the youngster did not talk long under these snubbed conditions, but collapsed. Then the walruses came back to their ice-cakes and goggle-eyed him ferociously as a transgressor.

Grilled Walrus in the Senate

IT WAS Mr. Plumb who rebelled. That was years ago. Mr. Plumb came from Kansas, where silence is a synonym for suicide. When Mr. Plumb began his maiden speech the walruses goggled him in arrogant reproach. Mr. Plumb went on, and the walruses, making move two, withdrew to the cloakrooms, waving condemnatory flippers. Solitude, however, did not cure the oratory of Mr. Plumb. Left alone, he addressed the desks, the galleries, the chandeliers. Moreover, Mr. Plumb pitched upon one particular walrus—hung with the seaweed of Senate tradition he was—and roasted him on the angry coals of his rhetoric. The other walruses caught the odor of blubber burning, and came eagerly back to their cakes of ice. They wanted to enjoy the spectacle, for there is nothing so pleasing to your true walrus as the sight of a brother walrus being grilled. Mr. Plumb's heroic example found imitation, and the rule of the walrus was no more. Now the latest arrival to the Senate floe comes plunging off his little cake of ice with all the hardihood of the most ancient sea-lion on the beach, and dives and swims and splashes in debate, careless of old opinions and defiant of old ways.

On my walk to the Capitol I ran across Mr. Senectus: he was in Fifteenth Street near the Treasury. The ball of debate was being flung from side to side when we arrived. As is commonly the case in Congress, argument ranged far and wide, and party welfare rather than public welfare was the thing important before all. Mr. Gorman said that the prosperity of the country lay wrapped in the St. Louis Exposition. Mr. Lodge insisted that prosperity depended upon enlarging the navy. Mr. Foraker explained that we already had prosperity, and that it was due to Republican rule. Also, he declared that the panic of 1893 was due to a Congressional ascendency of the Democracy. Mr. Patterson thought a single gold standard had much to do with that panic. Mr. Bailey believed that the panic of 1893 was the flower of what seeds of commercial evil the Republicans planted during the Harrison régime. Mr. Morgan held that prosperity was contingent on an Isthmian Canal. Mr. Gorman, on second thought, was confident that a revision of the tariff schedules would unlatch the door to the advent of a partial prosperity, at least. Mr. Beveridge doubted this. Mr. Dubois was inclined to the silver theory of Mr. Patterson, and considered that gold had been a source of evil in 1893.

My friends of the Senate spoke of prosperity as though it were within the Senate's keeping, to be called into existence by this measure or destroyed by that one. The bicker was solely as to which side should have credit for its coming or be held guilty of the crime of its disappearance.

There are questions one would like to ask the Senate. What is prosperity? Is it price or is it production? If price, then is a family as prosperous when it dines on two pounds of beef at twenty cents a pound as when it dines on four pounds of beef at ten cents a pound? Doesn't prosperity mean abundant production, and doesn't it live nowhere save in the mines and the fields, the factories and the mills of the country? And what—if that be true—can the Senate do to help or hurt it beyond the little stimulation of a bond issue or a money system or a tariff bill?—a stimulation which, when compared with the whole volume of production, would mean no more than a pint of whisky at a barn-raising.

Prosperity, like a river, is never the creature of law. Congress may wing-dam it, and dredge it, and rip-rap it, and throw a bridge across; but it will never add one drop to that river. True, by favor of the law, a monopoly may be allowed to drink more than its share. The mischief, however, in the end is slight. Take Standard Oil, with all its riches patiently piled up. The normal prosperity of the whole country, counted for one day, would overmatch it. Moreover, a monopoly cannot destroy or sequestrate permanently its riches. Every gallon it gulps is bound to find the river again. Instead of getting it to-day you get it a week from to-day; the monopoly has but robbed you of its use for seven days.

Now and then I wonder what statesmen aim at, and whether they seek to fool themselves or fool the public. What, in the honest logic of a situation, has politics to do with prosperity in either its advent or its flight? What has tariff or finance to do with it? Has not prosperity come and gone as carelessly when one party was in control as when the other was in control? Has not it come and gone when we had double standard and when we had single standard, when we had high tariff and when we had low? Why take a coincidence for a cause and effect? Look abroad; do not, as Carlyle says, view the world from the parish belfry. Even while I write and you read, isn't the tale of prosperity, in its advance and its retreat, being told both ways in twenty countries, which display in their systems every contradiction of double standard and single, high tariff and low? You can do to a country with a law what you can do to a man with a pin: you can prick the victim, and that is the terrifying limit of your power. The people are the law. And if it be a monopoly, or what cormorant child of law-invoked conditions you may be pleased to name, why, then, the people's will overlooks the situation, as Holland is overlooked by the sea, and may be as instantly employed to the same drowning conclusion.

These thoughts came to me as I gazed down upon our Senators. I asked Mr. Senectus for his view, and whether prosperity meant price or production? He was sharp for the latter.

"It cannot mean price," said Mr. Senectus, "for what is gain to one man is loss to another; and while a shift of riches might be brought about between individuals, the community as a whole is neither set forward nor backward by the lifting or lowering of a price."

Mr. Senectus is right. It would be like the system upon which Mr. Blackburn bets the horse races. Mr. Blackburn has instincts for sport. But he is a bad prophet, and can no more pick a winner than he can pick stars from the dome above. Wherefore, Mr. Blackburn has conceived the following excellent system which, while saving him from loss, offers his sporting proclivities fullest swing. Mr. Blackburn has arranged it so that his left pocket acts as bookmaker and hangs out the odds. These the right pocket looks over; after which it makes what wagers its judgment approves. Should it win the left pocket faithfully pays the bet. If it lose the left pocket takes the money and gets ready for the next race. It is highly satisfactory as a system, and the only one yet invented that has steadily beaten the pool-box.

The Shortest Man in the Senate

THAT little man to the right of the chamber is Mr. Allee, who represents Delaware in the Senate. Mr. Addicks would have come in person, but Delaware was driven to draw the line somewhere, and drew it at Mr. Addicks. Mr. Allee is, as you observe, the shortest man in the Senate. His head is no higher now when he stands in the aisle than it was when he sat in his chair. This baffles Mr. Proctor, who cannot see very well. He thinks Mr. Allee is about to address the Senate, but he isn't sure. Mr. Proctor looks up from the letter he is writing, and calls a page.

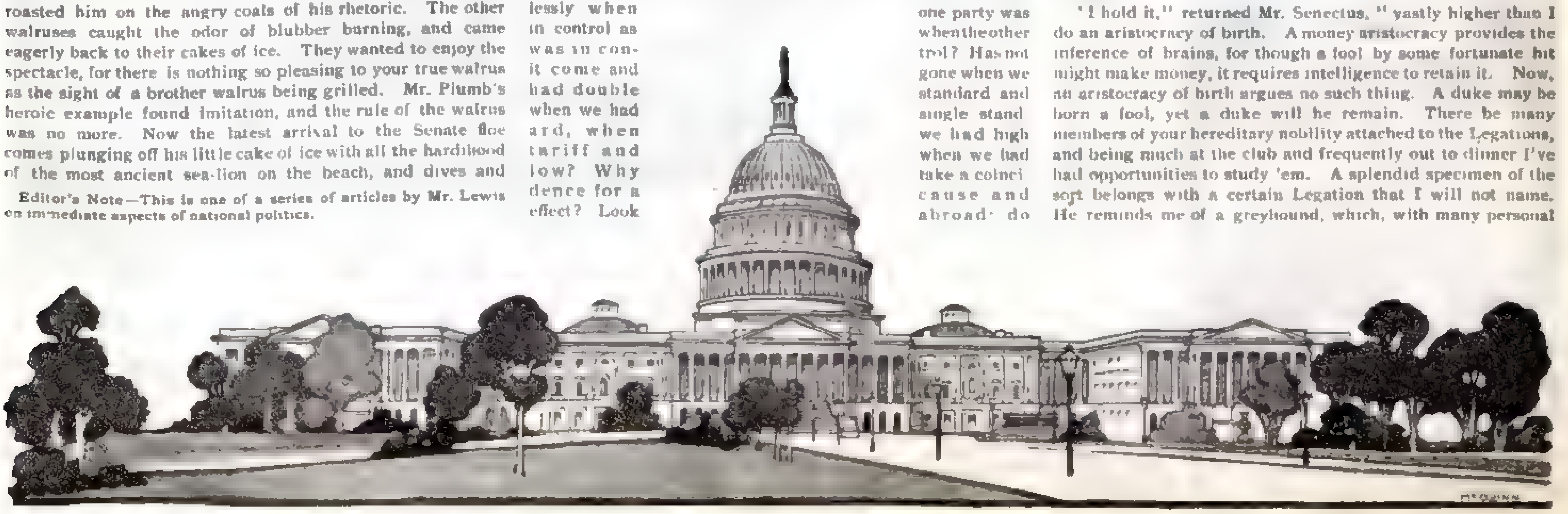
"Is that little man over there," whispers Mr. Proctor, pointing with his pen, "standing up or sitting down?"

"Standing up," replies the page.

Mr. Proctor puts away his writing and retires to the cloakroom; he knows that Mr. Allee is about to speak.

There are so many in the Senate whose sole argument for coming was their money that the exclusion of Mr. Addicks seems invidious. Over there is a man, he in the rear seat, who would be four days' journey from the Senate were it not for his millions, and who, when now he is here, looks as much out of joint with his surroundings as would a cow on a front porch. I asked Mr. Senectus, in whose sapient observations I began to find a pleasure, in what light he regarded that aristocracy of money which is growing up in our American midst.

"I hold it," returned Mr. Senectus, "vastly higher than I do an aristocracy of birth. A money aristocracy provides the inference of brains, for though a fool by some fortunate hit might make money, it requires intelligence to retain it. Now, an aristocracy of birth argues no such thing. A duke may be born a fool, yet a duke will he remain. There be many members of your hereditary nobility attached to the Legations, and being much at the club and frequently out to dinner I've had opportunities to study 'em. A splendid specimen of the sort belongs with a certain Legation that I will not name. He reminds me of a greyhound, which, with many personal



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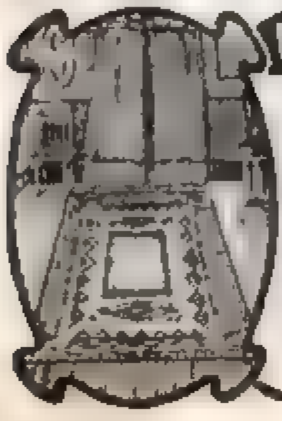

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niceties and elegancies of affectation, has, of the whole clan canine, least of intelligence, fidelity and heart. It was for such as he, with their vanities, that the word "coxcomb" found invention.

Of those four youthful Senators, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Lodge, the two latter must give one a thoroughbred impression. They are both of them scholarly, both literary, with Mr. Beveridge the more brilliant writer of the pair. Mr. Dubois, who looks as little like a scholar as do the peaks and cañons of his native Idaho resemble shaven lawns, is the classical superior of either. Mr. Dubois could have conversed with Cæsar and Lysander in their native tongues.

Mr. Lodge has read books; Mr. Dubois and Mr. Beveridge have read men. Mr. Bailey's strength lies in his genius for debate, which is aided by a perfect knowledge of the political story of the country. Of the four, Mr. Dubois, through a genius for intrigue will have oftenest his political way.

Mr. Lodge and Mr. Bailey suffer from the setback of a region. Mr. Lodge doesn't live in the United States; he lives in New England. Mr. Bailey doesn't live in the United States; he lives in the South. Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Dubois live in the United States. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Lodge, when they make themselves of a region, make themselves small. The man who would have the circle of his influence, like the ring of Saturn, belt a world must come out of his corner.

Mark Twain said that the South had been overthrown by reading Ivanhoe; that it had gone down before the knightly ambition bred of that literature, and now only lived to mount a horse, grasp a lance, and joust. My own thought is that the great injury to the South results from its being Southern. If I owned the South I should have a law in every State abolishing the word Southern. It is much smaller than the word American. Besides, it's a fallacy. There can be no such thing as a Southern interest or a Southern question or a Southern man. The interest or the question or the man is every time American. Take the negro question: it is an American, not a Southern, question. If you were shot in the leg would you call it a leg question? If you had pneumonia what could you think of your leg if it said:

"I'm sorry for Lungs with that pneumonia. However, it's none of my affairs."

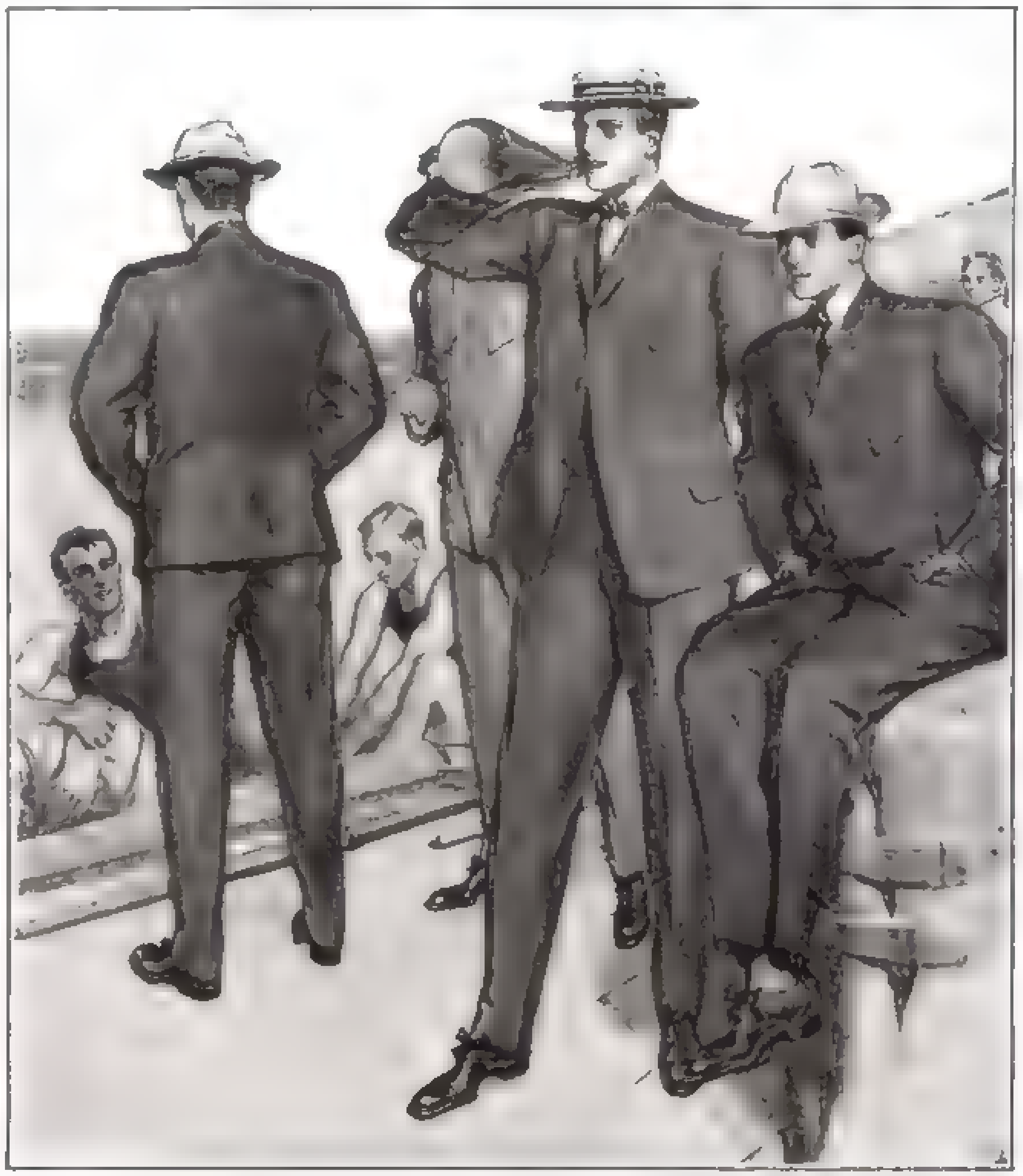
And if I were the South I'd not only quit being Southern but I'd quit being solid. To create a force is to create an opposition; otherwise, some day, somehow, some Archimedes would capsize the earth. A solid South means a solid North. If the Democracy were wise it would give the Republicans Louisiana, Alabama, Florida and South Carolina. The Democracy would carry a dozen Northern States if it did.

Let it be understood that I like the Southern man. There's no smell of Europe about him. Moreover, he is apt to be a man and unlikely to be a snob. I have never met a Southern member who remembered that he was a Congressman; I have never met a Northern member who forgot it.

That, doubtless, is the result of education. A Northern man is taught that it is a mark of honor to go to Congress. Finding himself thus distinguished he is correspondingly puffed. Now, your Southern man is like a squab pigeon, biggest when he's born. The fact of his nativity is the greatest honor reachable. He is cradled on a peak; he can climb no higher. Wherefore, although he go later to a Senate or a Cabinet or even a White House, he goes ever downhill.

Once upon a time the President, Mr. Cleveland, invited Mr. Bailey to the White House. Mr. Bailey declined, putting it that he did not care to wear dress clothes, and preferred to avoid exciting humanity by wearing anything else. Mr. Bailey thought it best to stay away from that dinner.

Mr. Bailey is older and therefore wiser now. I have had no chance personally to study Mr. Bailey's present regalia when on evening dress parade, but I am told it would be approved of by the ghost of Beau Hickman if that well-dressed shade were brought to sit in judgment thereon. No, Mr. Bailey was wrong when he put aside those dress clothes. Dress clothes are the true uniform of democracy; they put a limit on the gorgeousness of peacock wealth. Dress clothes are as a social commandment: "So gay shalt thou dress and no gayer!" Given dress clothes, one may not distinguish the rich man from the poor man, nor the poor man from the waiter; which is, or ought to be, the essence of democracy. Honestly, if I were called upon to advise a young man how best to succeed in life I should tell him to wear out two suits of dress clothes every year.



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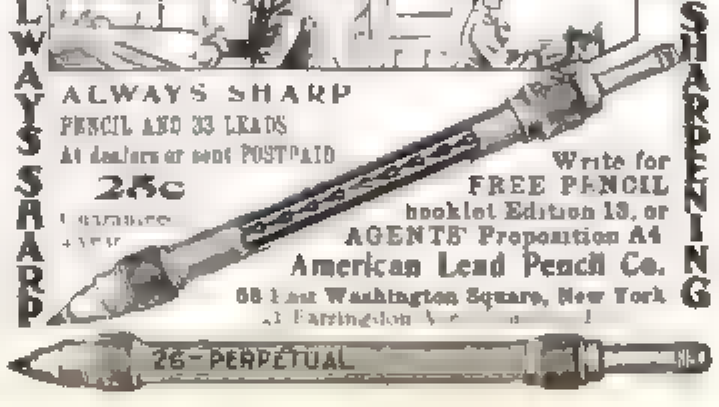

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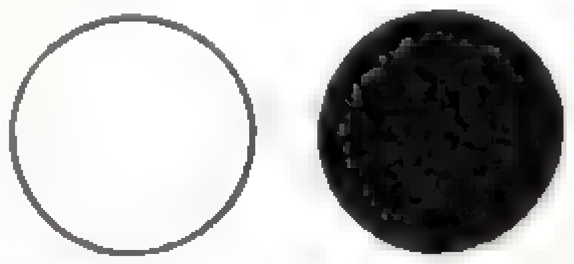

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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

BIOGRAPHIC CLINICS — The second volume of a series of studies in the origin of the ill-health of some famous invalids.

¶ A year ago there appeared a very interesting little volume bearing the somewhat unusual and arresting title, Biographic Clinics. The author, Dr. George M. Gould, assembled a mass of excerpts from the best authorities on the lives of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley and Browning — all great men and all great invalids — and from this mass of biographical material reduced a plausible and brilliantly presented theory of diagnosis. They were all, he found, suffering from the direct or indirect effects of eye strain. All were intellectual workers, and all suffered at work and recovered when restrained from it.

It was, as has been said, an original thesis, and one ably supported, but the defects of the method of demonstration are obvious. The quotations are necessarily brief, disjointed — sometimes broken — and cut from their context. The lay reader cannot, without painful reference to originals, be sure that he gets the true implication, or that other and contradictory facts hurtful to the doctor's thesis have not been suppressed. He therefore stops with a tribute of admiration for the ingenuity of the idea and the skill of its development, and defers his opinion to the pronouncement of professional criticism — precisely as he would on any other matter outside his special sphere of knowledge.

The first volume has now been succeeded by another from the same publishers (*P. Blakiston's Sons and Company*), and in the preface is an account of the reception the book received. It was a reception "not flattering or encouraging," but the author is undiscouraged and convinced that instead of exaggerating he has "underestimated the tremendous importance and extent of the morbid factor called eye strain." Accordingly there is this second volume of studies in the origin of the ill-health of George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, Wagner, Parkman, Carlyle, Spencer, Whittier, Ossoli and Nietsche, with additional chapters on "eye strain and the literary life," and "sixty-eight reasons 'Why glasses do not give relief.'" The method of diagnosis is precisely that employed before, but the temper of the demonstration — perhaps influenced by the unfavorable comment acknowledged in the preface — is more controversial. What the merits of the case may be it is not for a lay journal to decide — although Doctor Gould is flattering enough to say that "intelligent lay journals into whose hands it has fallen have given better summaries of the book and more frank recognition of its truths than professional journals and men" — but it may be pointed out that heat resolves many things but never an argument. Controversial and assertive speech arouses antagonism, and antagonism is what the special pleader must most avoid. After all, the main thing is not to kill the fool but to establish the truth — then the fool starves. A more measured utterance would have helped what is, despite its blemishes, a suggestive and profitable book to lay and professional readers alike.

MY FRIEND PROSPERO — A charming, aimless irresponsible, with more luck than he earned.

¶ There are a great many accessible facts that seem not to be in current use. Any one, for instance, who takes the trouble to look it up may find that Henry Harland, of familiar

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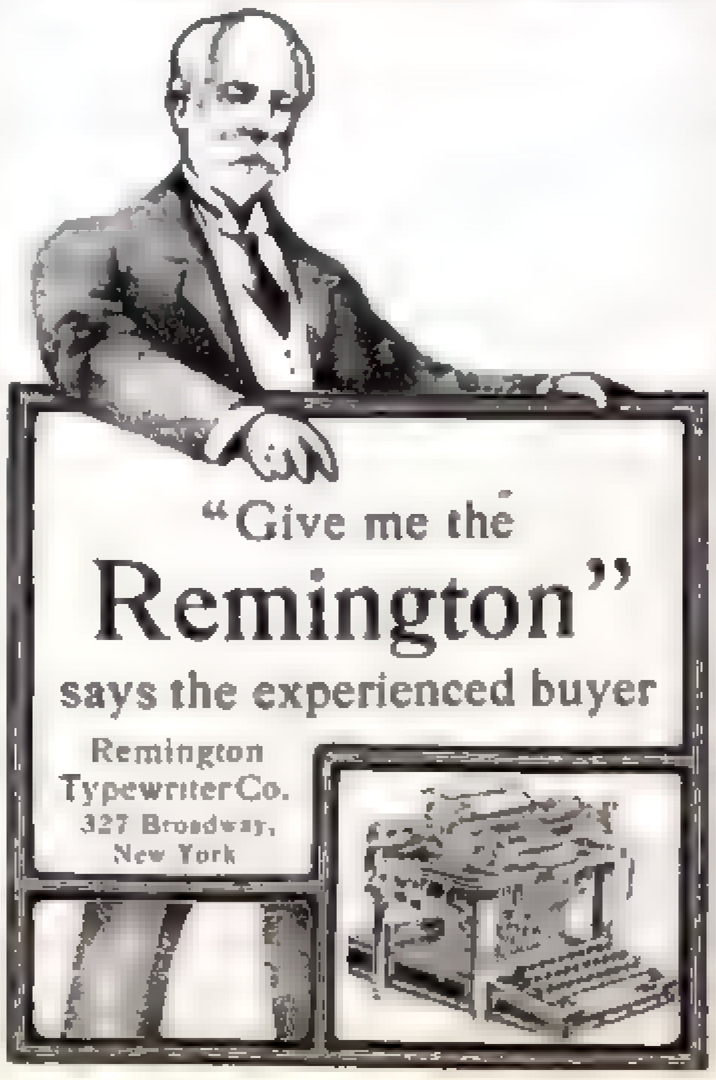

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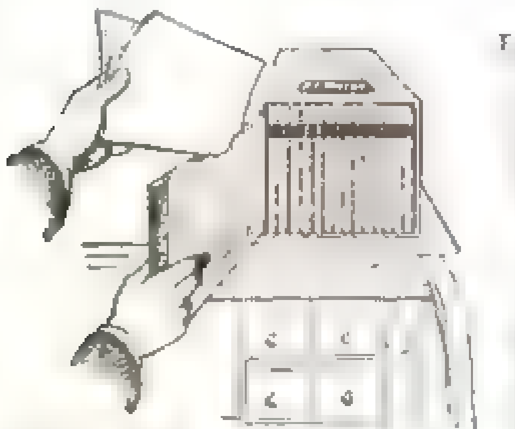

Elbert Hubbard [illegible] Auth[illegible] [illegible] thing without [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] H. Daniels [illegible] Passenger [illegible] the [illegible]

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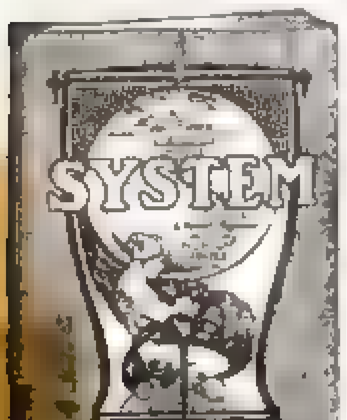
The desk cabinet which we offer you free is equal in every respect to the expensive kinds except in size. The free [illegible] with

SYSTEM

Edited by A. W. SHAW



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and delightful acquaintance, was "educated at Rome and Harvard University, U. S. A." — and, indeed, there is a reminiscence of New England — palpable enough when one is possessed of the facts — in the character of Winthorpe, the American millionaire, "with that thin, shaven face of his and that look of an early Christian martyr in his eyes." Winthorpe was a New England Puritan. Evidently Mr. Harland, who from temperament might not be suspected of any prepossession in favor of the Puritans, did not find them to improve on closer acquaintance. Their veins, he thinks, must run not blood but some black tincture of ice and vinegar, "some acid solution of flint."

All this, it is fair to say, Mr. Harland speaks not out of his proper mouth but by the lips of John Blanchemain, the hero of My Friend Prospero *(McClure, Phillips and Company)*. John has an uncle — Lord Blanchemain, of Ventmere — the succession to the title, and abundant leisure — but no income. He is idling away his time *en pension* in the presbytery of the Castle of Sant' Allessina in the north of Italy, where board and lodgings are cheap, the gardens and the gallery beautiful, the air soft, and the noise of the world faint in his ears. He has occasional moments of pleasant dalliance with the pretty woman who is staying with Frau Brandt in the castle lodge — probably wealthy, from her frocks, and well brought up; must have "had advantages," from her manners, but common — Brandt! oh! yes, undoubtedly common — he has long hours of whimsical dialogue with the little Annunziata, the niece of the *parocco;* he roams the fields and paces the garden, and so the time goes pleasantly enough.

Then comes Winthorpe, the Puritan — to be congratulated. But what a congratulation! He had passed from the Calvinism of his forebears to free thought — "Darwin and Spencer, with a dash of his native Emerson, were religion enough for him" — and then from free thought to the Roman Catholic church. And what a conversion! It was the girl he loved, the girl he was engaged to, who converted him; and the conviction was so imperative that he must give her up to study for the priesthood. It was more than John Blanchemain, a good friend and a good Catholic, could stomach. 'Twas then he broke out against Puritans and Puritanism. This was only the old acid of Puritanism in a new reaction. It was inhuman, it was inconceivable. Could he, for instance, suppose he were in love with his charming unknown, the protégée of the amiable Frau Brandt: could he conceive of treating her with such barbarous inhumanity? His revulsion was so strong that he began to perceive that it must have more than an imaginary embodiment. It had — he was in love. He admitted it.

Winthorpe does not cross the pages again. He existed only for literary purposes, and, having served them, is put back in the closet. The story thereafter concerns itself with John and his lady-love. It is the slightest of stories, never moving out of the garden and the galleries, introducing no new life, leading to nothing that is not easily taken for granted by the most conventionally minded reader; content to be affable, well bred, never dull, never startlingly original, never "profound" to bother one with tiresome thoughts, but good-tempered, whimsical without extravagance, intelligent, companionable. It is impossible to consider the book seriously, but only an opinionated churl could deny its peculiar personal charm. You know such people in the world — charming, aimless irresponsibles? Friend Prospero is one of them.

OPTIMISM — A small volume that for personality of authorship has no parallel in literature.

¶ It is not in the realm of possibilities that Miss Helen Keller's essay on Optimism *(T. Y. Crowell and Company)* should be judged wholly on its merits as a performance. Something of the circumstances that surround it, much of the interest of a personal declaration of opinion rather than of a formal contribution to the literature of philosophy, must attach to it.

Infallibly it will go to swell the materials of those philosophers against whom Miss Keller complains that apparently they think "I was intended as an experimental case for their special instruction!" Not for its comment on Plato, St. Augustine, Spinoza, Berkeley and Kant, not for its reaches of independent reasoning, not as a demonstration but as an example, as — in the author's own words — a "small voice of individual experience in the declaration of philosophy" will it have lasting worth.

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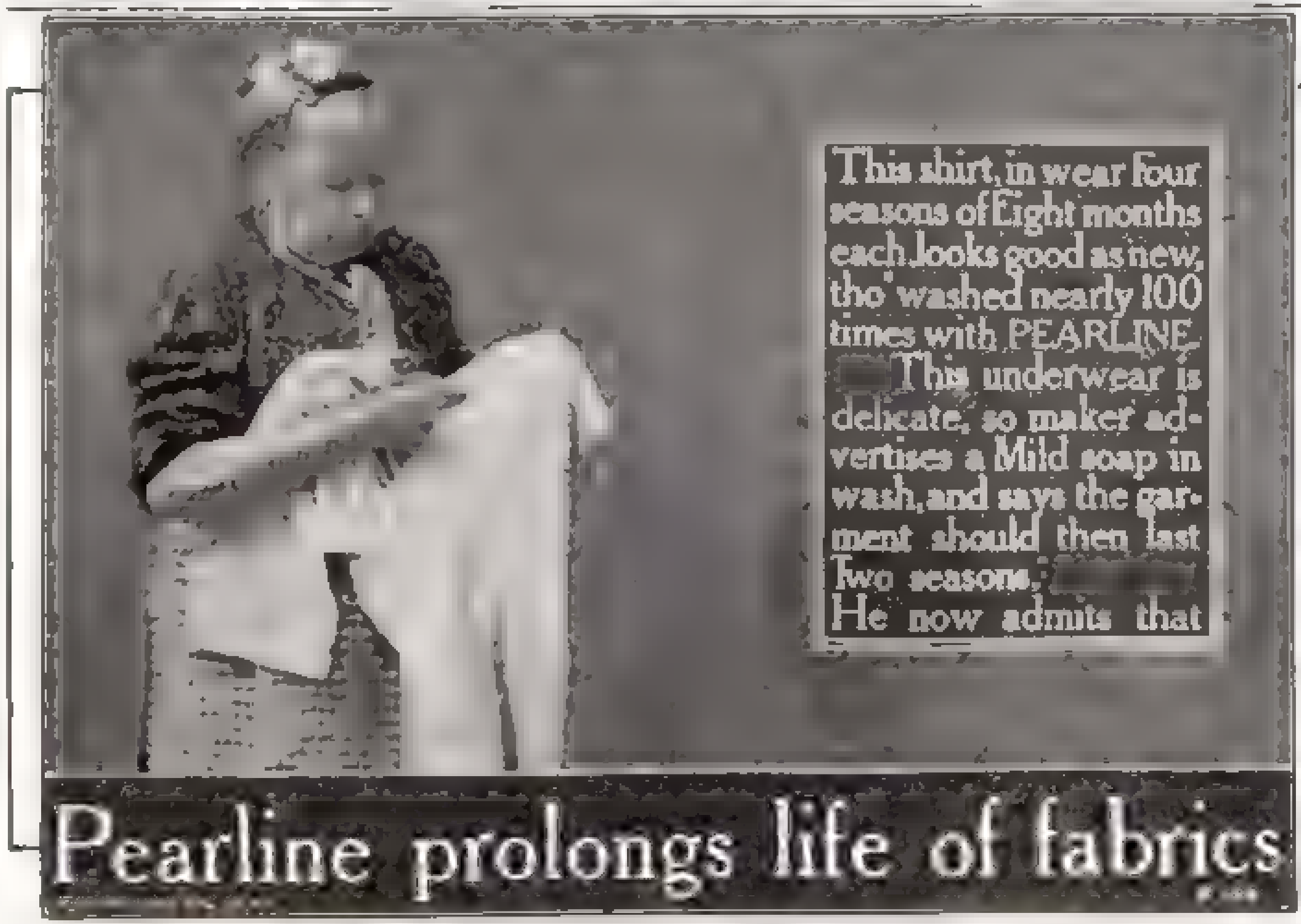

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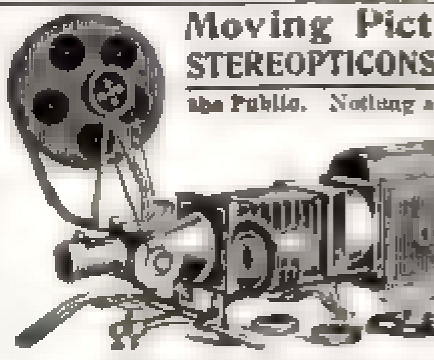

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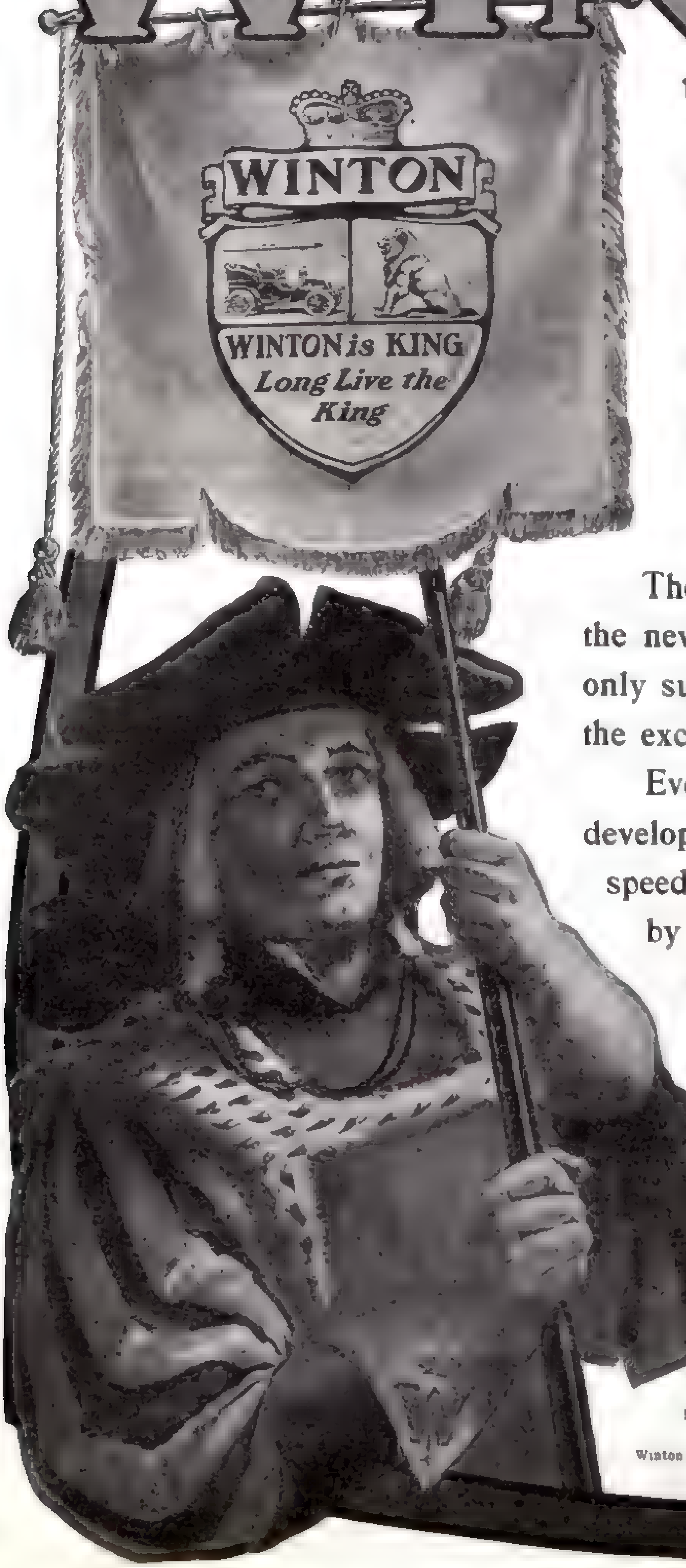

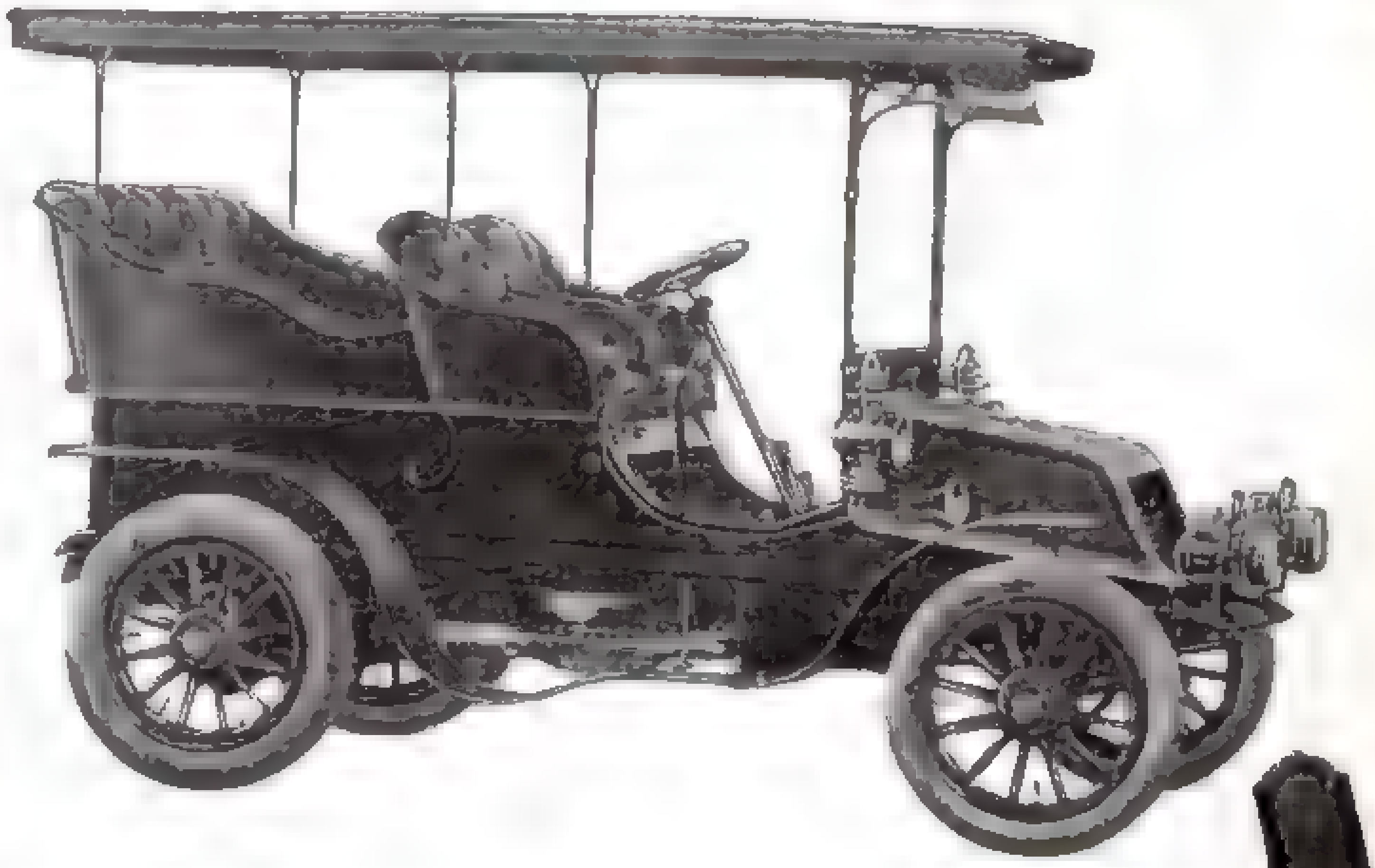

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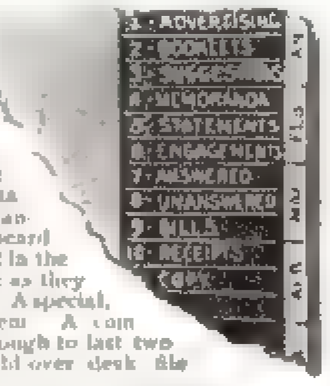

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Free with your name in gold

No possible illustration [illegible] can tell the usefulness of [illegible] man who owns or uses a [illegible] keeps your minor affairs, [illegible] obligations. It will keep any user from unconsciously breaking his word. Greater than this, though, it cares for the immediate matters on which you are working [illegible] not ready to file away—keeps [illegible] this desk file is for hold-overs business still in hand. It fits itself to any business or profession and keeps the most active desk clean and orderly. You can make valuable use of it in collecting data for future action. If you cannot answer [illegible] letter until you have heard from Brown, Jones and Stuart, put it in the [illegible] the others with it as they [illegible] data—no lost time. A special, always adaptable, individual system. A complete desk system made durably enough to last two years. The way to get the hold-over desk file

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An official of the National [illegible] says: "The ideas gathered from [illegible] to formulate systems for Mr. Patterson [illegible] pamphlets, orders, etc., etc., which have [illegible] greatly."

"I have learned more from SYSTEM in five months than in ten years of hard study and knocks in business. It is worth ten times the charges for it." F. A. Philbrick, Baraboo, Wis.

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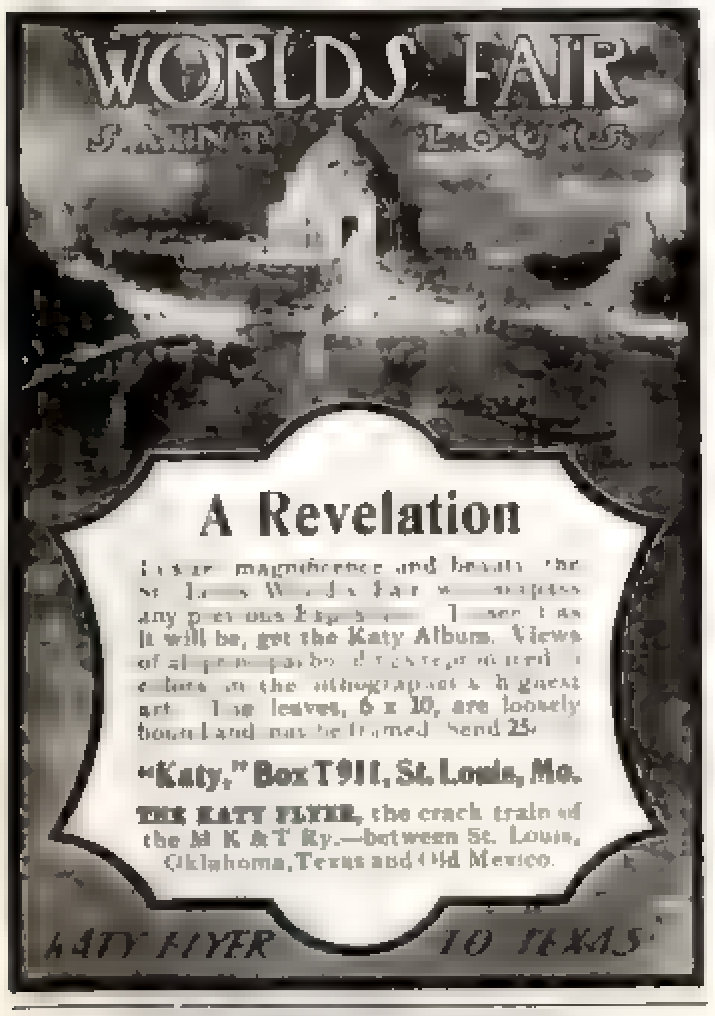

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The Reading Table

The Higher Strategy

SENATOR SPOONER tells of a lawyer in Wisconsin who had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a suit against a neighbor relative to the title to a strip of land running between their respective farms.

It appears that during a conversation as to the status of the suit the first-mentioned farmer suggested to his attorney that it might be a good idea to send the presiding judge a couple of fine turkeys.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the counsel, "that would never do, my man! You would be sure to lose your suit!"

Nothing more was said on the subject. The case came up, was tried, and judgment was rendered in the plaintiff's favor. When the news was brought to him the farmer expressed his satisfaction, adding: "I sent him the turkeys!"

Too astonished at the man's temerity to say anything, the lawyer merely stared at his client.

"Yes," chuckled the farmer, "I sent him the turkeys, but I sent them in my opponent's name!"

Going One Better

IN THE Canadian House of Commons one of the most interesting personalities is the Honorable D. C. Fraser, of Nova Scotia. As a stump speaker he is eloquent, persuasive and ready-witted. But once at least "D. C." found his resources to fail him. It was on the eve of a by-election in Ontario, and "D. C." had been sent for to assist the Government candidate. It was an "agony" call, for the candidate was a poor platform speaker, and so Fraser went well prepared. His man spoke first. The substance of his speech was this: "Fellow-citizens, you know *me*—I'm a self-made man—*you* know me."

The rival candidate was a non-resident and a stranger to most of the audience. For some reason he was not able to appear in person that evening; but he was fortunate in his substitute, a little French-Canadian lawyer. "I'm verra sorry," he began, "ma freend could not coom—I'd lak mooch you haf seen heem. He verra deeferent from dis man dat has joost sit doon. He says he made heemself. I believe dat. But ma man—God made heem! And, ma freends, dere is joost as mooch deeference between de *men* as dere is between de *makers!*"

That was all his speech; but that was enough for the audience, and too much for "D. C." and his friend.

On Insufficient Evidence

SENATOR SPOONER, who particularly likes to tell stories showing the humorous side of legal proceedings, relates the following with reference to an Irishman in Chicago who was being examined as to his knowledge of a certain shooting affair in that city.

"Did you," asked the presiding magistrate of the witness, "did you see the shot fired?"

"Oi did not, sir," responded the Celt, "but Oi heard it foired."

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate sternly; "you may step down."

The witness left the box. No sooner had he turned his back to the judge than he gave vent to a somewhat derisive laugh. Enraged at this contempt of court, the magistrate called the Irishman back to the witness-box.

"How dare you laugh in that manner in court?" demanded the judge angrily.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" asked the Irishman.

"No, but I distinctly heard you laugh," came from the irate judge.

"Such evidence is not satisfactory," rejoined the Celt quietly, a twinkle coming into his eye.

Whereupon, says Mr. Spooner, every one in court laughed, including the magistrate.

"The Late Unpleasantness"

EVERY one is familiar with the term, "the late unpleasantness," as denoting the war between the States, but there are few who know that it was coined by none other than the late General Benjamin F. Butler. The late Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, of Washington, used to tell the story somewhat as follows:

At a dinner given in Washington by Caleb Cushing shortly after the war, General Butler and Doctor Garnett were invited guests.

ON THE WILD MARCH MORNING

'Mid swirling wind and driven snow the Pettijohn-fed man wins out
Rigorous climate is nothing to him. He is warm inside.
A bowl of hot, tempting, nutritious

Pettijohn

has supplied him with all-day warmth and vigor.

Pettijohn is all wheat—nothing but wheat—unmutilated—hence containing all the superior nutritious qualities of perfect wheat.

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Time and the elements have no effect on it. It is practically indestructible.

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with prices and full information. We deliver everywhere; distance is no obstacle. Besides family monuments we make markers, headstones, posts, grave covers and statuary.

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TRUSCOTT BOATS

used exclusively at the **World's Fair** because [illegible]

[illegible] the matter up for yourself. **Automobile Boats and Engines.** Everything [illegible] of matter interesting to boat owners and prospectives. [illegible]

Truscott Boat M'f'g Co.
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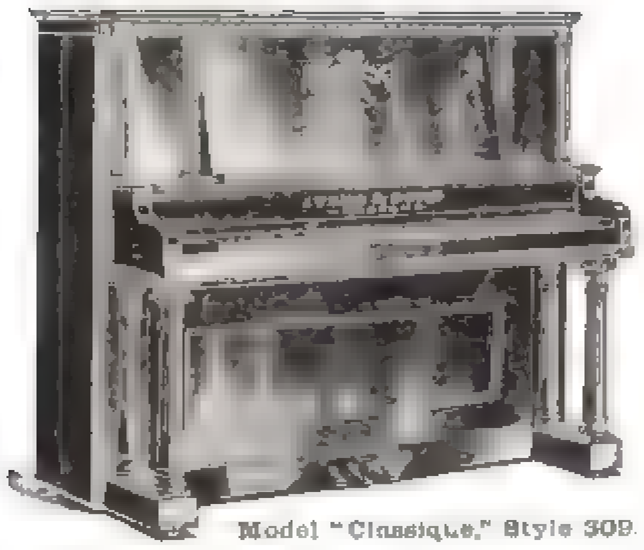
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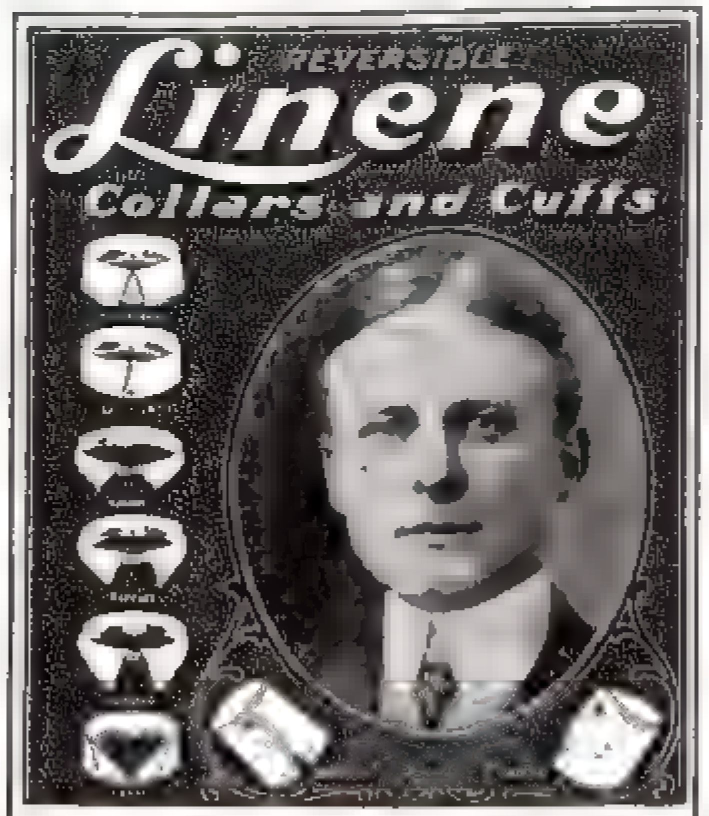

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Doctor Garnett was detained by his professional duties and did not come in until late. When he entered the dining room General Butler was speaking and by way of contributing to the general good-humor of the evening the Union general took occasion, in the course of his remarks, to refer to the war as 'the late rebellion.'

Doctor Garnett, who was then one of the leading physicians of Washington, had been Surgeon-General of the Confederate army and private physician to Jefferson Davis. Unless Robert Toombs, of Georgia, might be excepted, there was never a more unreconstructed rebel than Doctor Garnett. When the ex-Confederate heard General Butler's remark he was on his feet in an instant

"There was no rebellion, sir!" he cried. "There was no one to rebel against. We were free-born American citizens, fighting for what we thought was right. Fate was against us and we surrendered in good faith. I permit no man to say in my presence that we were rebels."

General Butler bowed. "I regret extremely having given offense to a fellow guest," he said, smiling. "If I may be permitted by my host and by Doctor Garnett I will withdraw my epithet. Instead of the rebellion we will call it the late unpleasantness."

Doctor Garnett's keen sense of humor rose to the occasion and he smiled, in spite of himself, at General Butler's adroitness

In Little Japan

By Charles Eugene Banks

In little Japan is a little dark man
Who studies the tomes of sages,
And a hundred times, be it prose or rhymes,
Peruses the mystic pages
Then he winks and blinks, and he thinks and thinks,
As only a little Jap can,
Of some subtle way he may capture and slay
"The bear that walks like a man."

In little Japan is a little dark man
Who worships the birds and posies;
When he walks the fields all his being yields
To the fragrance of pinks and roses
A pine on a cliff, or a cloud's slow drift,
Will move him a sonnet to plan,
But the turn of the tune, be it rhyme or rune
Is "the bear that walks like a man"

In little Japan is a little dark man
Who is taught from the cradle to sing;
He will polish a line to a sunbeam's shine,
Or the flash of a hummingbird's wing
And often he stops by a rhyme-decked copse
The song of a brother to scan,
While with inward gaze he watches the ways
Of "the bear that walks like a man."

In little Japan is a little dark man
Who may suddenly grow in size
When the pawns are laid in the game that's played
With the half of a kingdom for prize
For the storks he paints, and his songs and plaints,
Are the soul of a serious plan,
And he'll wad a gun with a rhyme to the sun
For "the bear that walks like a man."

Some Tame Animals I Have Known

By Nixon Waterman

A thick-fleeced lamb came trotting by
"Pray, whither now, my lamb?" quoth I.
"To have," said he, with ne'er a stop,
"My wool clipped at the baa-baa shop."

I asked the dog: "Why all this din?"
Said he: "I'm fashioned outside in,
And all my days and nights I've tried
My best to get the bark outside."

A hen was cackling loud and long.
Said I to her: "How strange your song."
Said she: "'Tis scarce a song; in fact,
It's just a lay, to be eggs-act."

I asked the cat: "Pray tell me why
You love to sing?" She blinked her eye
"My purr-puss, sir, as you can see,
Is to a-mews myself," said she

A horse was being lashed one day
Said I: "Why don't you run away?"
"Neigh, neigh! my stable mind," said he,
"Still keeps its equine-imity."

I asked the cow, "Why don't you kick
The man who whips you with the stick?"
"Alas! I must be lashed," said she,
"So I can give whipped cream, you see!"

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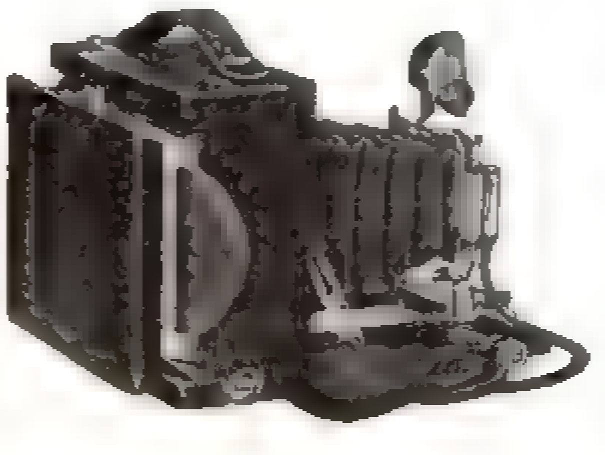

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

DON'T ROCK YOUR BABY — It makes him stupid, besides being bad for him in more immediate ways.

BABY rocking is forbidden nowadays by many physicians, because, so they say, it is liable to make children stupid. But it is not alone rocking in the cradle that is objectionable rocking an infant in the arms is just about as bad

Doctor Manaceine, the famous Russian authority on sleep phenomena, says that rocking is an artificial method of inducing slumber. The process fatigues consciousness by a series of monotonous sensations, and incidentally deprives the brain of its blood supply. Absence of blood from the brain makes sleep. In Germany they have a proverbial remark about dull people. "He has been rocked into stupidity," they say.

Though insomnia is distressing and very bad for health, many people sleep too much Too much sleep is harmful, and even a new born infant ought not to be allowed to spend all its time in slumber. Between one and two years of age a child needs sixteen to eighteen hours of sleep; from three to four years it requires fourteen to sixteen hours from four to six years it ought to have thirteen to fifteen hours; from six to nine years it should have ten to twelve hours, and from nine to thirteen years the proper allowance of sleep is eight to ten hours. After the completion of growth, the sleep allowance can be brought down safely to six or eight hours

All methods of putting children to sleep artificially by monotonous sensations ought to be forbidden, including monotonous lullabies. It is undesirable either to interrupt or to prolong artificially the slumber of infants and young folks. During the first five or six weeks of its life the baby ought to be awake two hours in every day, and the waking period should be increased gradually

As for the practice of rocking, Doctor Manaceine has found by experiment that swinging the body for only fifteen minutes produces in healthy adults a lowering in temperature of from one to two and one-half degrees Fahrenheit, with more or less pronounced brain anæmia (bloodlessness) and pain at the heart

In old age the need of sleep may be the same as with very young persons. But too much sleep is harmful to the aged, mentally, says Doctor Manaceine. They ought not to sleep more than ten or twelve hours, unless extremely feeble.

FIGHTING THE SAND DUNES — They prove a shifty enemy most difficult to pin down.

THIS Government is making a study of the sand dune question, with a view to putting up a fight against the encroachments of a relentless enemy which, in some parts of this country — notably on the coast of North Carolina and along the shores of the Great Lakes — does an immense amount of damage, destroying farms, swallowing villages, and even overwhelming railroads on occasions

When dry land takes a notion to flow like water, trouble is pretty sure to follow. Sometimes the dunes assume the proportions of great hills, 200 or 300 feet high, and, aided by the wind, wander about, overwhelming everything in their paths. By and by such a wandering dune is likely to get far enough away from the shore to be sheltered to some extent from the wind, and then it transforms itself into a fixed dune, grasses and eventually trees growing upon it.

The only way to deal with sand dunes is to sow them with sand-binding grasses, the interlacing roots of which hold the sand together and prevent the wind from blowing it away. For this purpose the plant chiefly used is the so-called "beach grass," which is common all along our Atlantic coast, as far south as North Carolina. It is dug up with spades and regularly set out in rows a foot apart on the bare dunes. One odd thing about it is that it grows most luxuriantly upon drifting sands; when the sand is quiet it dies out after a while

The planting of the grass, however, is merely a preliminary step. When a dune has by this means been made stationary young pine trees are set out on it, and after a few years it is covered with forest. Thus the mischievous and tramplike sand-hill is converted to usefulness, the timber which it bears being a source of regular income.

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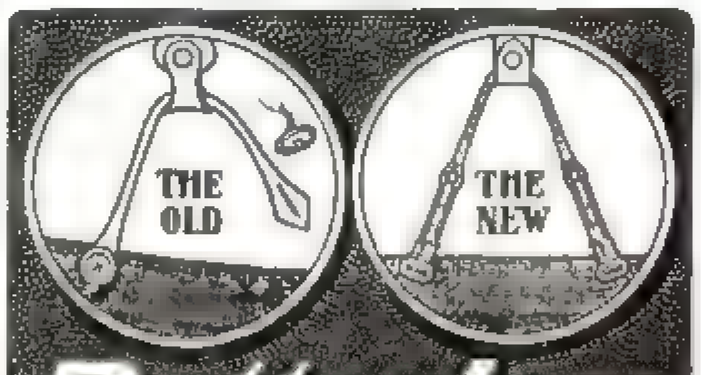

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In some parts of the world, as on the coast of Holland, great harm has been done by cutting away the forests from fixed dunes. Deprived of this cover, they soon took to wandering and became destroyers of property. Consequently, measures had to be taken to plant them again, first with grass and then with trees, in order to make them stay still.

Much work of the kind here described is done in Europe, one of the most notable examples being found on the great sand spit, sixty miles long, in Northeast Prussia, which extends out into the Baltic Sea. A barrier dune has been formed, by planting grass and trees, the entire length of the peninsula, which without such protection would be rendered uninhabitable. Some dunes, two hundred to three hundred feet high, are left unplanted because they are moving across the strip, and will eventually be engulfed in the sea on the farther side.

CULTIVATED DANDELIONS—The New England market gardeners find them a paying crop.

THE cultivation of dandelions for market is becoming an important industry in New England, where considerable areas are at present devoted to raising them as a garden vegetable. They yield, it is said, a handsome profit at fifty cents a bushel, though frequently they fetch a much higher price. Of course, only the leaves are eaten, and these are handled much in the same way as spinach.

Some of the dandelion growers in that part of the country have learned how to bleach the leaves (like celery) by covering them with boughs or boards. This plan has been pursued for a long time in Europe, where "greens" of the kind are highly esteemed for salad. When they are blanched they make much better salad, the process modifying their bitter taste and rendering them more tender.

In the Old World dandelions, from very early times, have been supposed to possess medicinal value. So far as is now known they are no more beneficial in this respect than other green vegetables, all of which are health giving foods. Like other such vegetables, dandelion greens are over ninety per cent water, and so do not contribute very much to the actual nourishment of the body. There are several recognized varieties in cultivation, notable among which are the French Garden and the Improved Thick-leaved. The seeds are sown in early spring in shallow drills, and in the following spring the leaves are fit to eat.

Much damage is done by women and children who in the springtime invade roadsides and the sunny slopes of parks and private grounds for the purpose of gathering dandelion greens. They cut off each plant just below the surface of the soil, and one might suppose that the process would discourage the growth. But as a matter of fact, every top thus cut off sends up from two to half a dozen new crowns, to the great injury of the lawn.

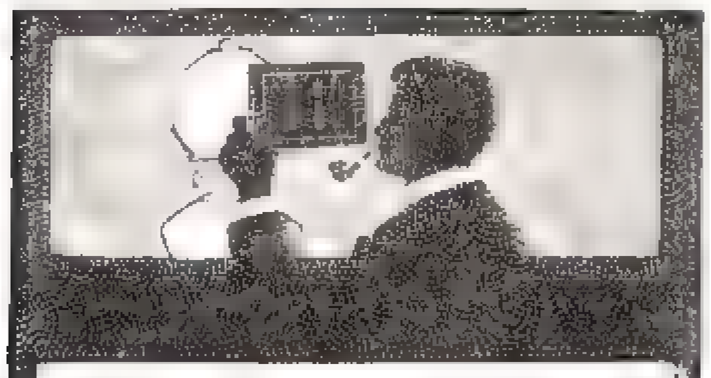
THE RETURN OF THE GUINEA FOWL—She and her sister-in-law, the pea hen, are beginning to look up again.

GUINEA fowls are becoming popular as table birds, and nowadays one frequently sees them for sale in the markets of our large cities. They have a gamy flavor somewhat like that of the partridge, and there is a growing demand for them in restaurants. Some people are very fond of their eggs, which command a high price. The shells are speckled and much harder than those of ordinary hens' eggs.

These birds were originally fetched from Africa. They have never become more than half-domesticated, and to this day many wild flocks of them are found in the island of Jamaica. In England they are kept in a semi-domesticated condition, like pheasants. There is money in breeding and raising them, and our own Department of Agriculture is recommending to American farmers that they go into the business on a reasonably extensive scale.

Recently the pea fowl has shown signs of coming into use again as a table bird, being served occasionally at dinners by people of wealth. But it is the young, half grown birds that are tender and toothsome; the hen is good to eat also, but a mature peacock is too tough to satisfy the requirements of the epicure.

In ancient Rome the pea hen was considered a great delicacy, and frequently dished up at feasts; but the summer chicks that reach market in the winter are really most palatable and satisfactory morsels.



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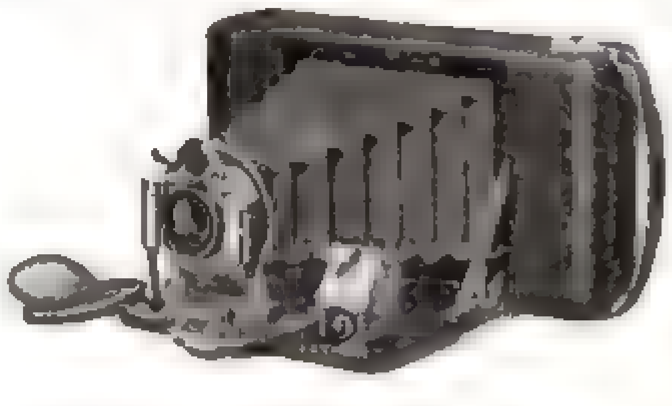

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Business Methods in the Empire of the Czar

By SIGMUND KRAUSZ

Author of "Towards the Rising Sun"

"THERE was a time," an old German merchant told me once in Moscow, "when business in Russia was better, when profits were larger, and when honest commercial principles among merchants were not violated so flagrantly as they are now. The volume of business was not so great as it is to-day, but conditions in general were more satisfactory."

A Russian merchant to whom I repeated this statement shortly after said: "Yes, this is perhaps so; but if the standard of honor in our mercantile world has been lowered, it can largely be blamed to the great number of foreign business men that have established themselves in Russia within the last twenty-five years and more."

I never had a chance to repeat to the German what the Muscovite said, and do not know what his answer to this accusation would have been; but—as other trustworthy information proved to me—there is no doubt that the Russian was more or less incited to his remark by the commercial jealousy felt against the large foreign merchants in Moscow by the native business element, whose personal interests are certainly considerably affected by the encouragement given, in late years, to foreign capital and enterprise by the Government.

If the volume of business has largely increased it is surely the merit of this foreign element, for the Russian merchant, with his "*Seitshass*" (no hurry) method, is by no means an efficient developer of commercial enterprise. As to the cause of increased corruption—if it be true that corruption has increased—it certainly cannot be laid, with any degree of probability, to the alien merchants in a country where corruption in business and official circles is notorious, and where from time immemorial conditions have been such that, not so very long ago, an old law was still in effect which prescribed the Draconic punishment of notching the nostrils of culprits for commercial dishonesty.

It is well known in business circles that next to Balkan country credits, Russian ones are the least safe, and the prevailing Muscovite credit system was one of the main reasons why the establishment of American business relations with Russia was so much more difficult than that of European countries where credit systems of similar nature, if not quite so far going, exist.

Efforts to eradicate this system have been of no avail. It is rooted in old-established custom and in the fact that a Russian merchant seems to have no idea of the value of discounts. He may have the ready cash to pay for a bill of goods, but he prefers by far to demand six months' credit.

In extending Russian credits the fact must always be kept in view that it is especially hard for foreigners to protect themselves against losses of accounts, as the laws are such that they allow of discrimination in favor of the native merchant, who has in every way the advantage over his foreign creditors. The latter, when the occasion arises, are generally compelled to transfer or sell their dubious, or, for them, uncollectable accounts to some Russian business friend in order to avoid or minimize their loss.

As it is, the Russian merchants themselves run great risks in the almost unlimited extension of credits to their own brethren in trade. Any commercial man, whether entitled to it or not by his financial standing, demands and receives credit in business transactions. Even to men who have been involved in shady dealings, and to fraudulent bankrupts, this privilege is extended. It is, indeed, a notorious fact that the latter, at least for the first period after a favorable settlement, are considered among the better risks.

In the wholesale trade, credits of from six months to one year are the rule, and these terms are not unfrequently prolonged. At the great annual fair in Nijni-Novgorod, which takes place in midsummer, and where merchants from all parts of the Russian empire meet, all deals are made on the basis of pay at the next fair. I have been told that merchants there often have only a vague idea of the identity of their customers, who may live in Tobolsk or Kiakhta, and whom they nevertheless, by commercial usage, are compelled to trust.

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[illegible] "The Real" Safety Razor. It permits the correct *draw* of [illegible] *gives better* [illegible]

The safety device is [illegible]

Very finest steel, full [illegible]

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Now Only $4.95 A PAIR Express Paid

ALLIGATOR Puncture Proof, Self Healing Bicycle Tires [illegible] ORIGINAL and only Punctu[illegible] Nails, tacks, and glass will not let the air [illegible] [illegible] Strong, durable, resilient [illegible] where needed (see G in illus.) [illegible] D anywhere subject [illegible] examination [illegible] pay express on [illegible] [illegible] of rim and size tire wanted [illegible] free. THE VIM COMPANY, Sole Manufacturers, State and Lake Streets, CHICAGO.

There are no reliable credit bureaus, such as Dunn's or Bradstreet's in the United States, the German Schimmelpfennig agency being the only one to give rather vague credit information. The local banks are generally resorted to for getting at the financial standing of a man, but I was told by an English merchant, long established in Moscow, that the best and most reliable information one can get about the credit worthiness of a Russian merchant is by going to his friends and acquaintances, and gaining such from casual inquiry as to his moral character and reputation for honesty and veracity.

The Russian wholesaler has to figure with these conditions, and naturally tries to protect himself against unavoidable losses, or, rather, attempts to even up such contingencies, by correspondingly large profits and other lawful or unlawful methods.

The retail merchant is confronted by similar conditions. Except in the provision trade there is hardly any cash business done among retailers. It is only the very poor man who pays on the spot for what he buys. The middle and higher classes run accounts for almost any length of time, and the merchants do not object to this, because it offers a chance for working in items which, when it comes to settling, are hard to dispute for the customer. This is one of the merchant's ways of evening up losses, which are unavoidable in business transacted on such a basis.

He also has more ingenious methods of retrenching his losses, and some of them, such as adulteration of goods, are absolutely fraudulent, while others come very near being so. The conscience of the Muscovite retailer in this respect is exceedingly elastic, his addiction to giving short measure being the least of his moral shortcomings. I have been told that stones are frequently found in butter, that sand is mixed in bread and kerosene, the latter of which is sold by weight, and I even read in a newspaper that dead mice were found in pound packages of tea, the size of which excluded the possibility of their having got into the small bags unnoticed.

In the clothing trade they employ a questionable trick of putting a silver cigarette-case or other valuable article in the pockets of a garment, to be found and taken back after the native customer—who has discovered it while trying on the garment, but with equal dishonesty refrained from mentioning his find—has paid double the value for his purchase.

In many Russian cities the retail business is, besides the regular stores, conducted in large arcade buildings containing hundreds of small shops, as, for example, the new commercial bazar on the Red Square and Nikolskaya, in Moscow, where, in two tiers above each other, over a thousand retail merchants are established, or the great Gostinny Dvor on the Nevski Prospect, in St. Petersburg, which occupies the space of a whole square. These emporiums are favorite shopping places for natives and strangers, who can usually find there anything they wish to purchase. They resemble in this respect somewhat the bazars of the Orient, and though they lack the picturesqueness of the latter, they have many things in common with them. They are conducted on the usual Southern and Eastern European plan of fixing at first prices according to the appearance of the customer, and coming down to what he may be willing to stand.

The poor have their own bazars, which generally consist of rows of wooden booths or canvas tents which bear, in some cases, such characteristic names as "beggars'," "thieves'" or "louse" markets. Over their rough board counters objects are sold which even a Neapolitan beggar would refuse to pick up from the ground. There are new goods of the cheapest class displayed, but the great bulk of articles is second-hand. This is, however, a misnomer, for the old boots and shoes, trousers and coats show holes which occupy more surface space than the material they are made of, and must have passed through many hands before they are offered for sale at the bazar of the poor. And the customers that crowd the stands and counters! Every part of your body itches when only looking at the tattered pack of moujiks and professional mendicants. They are the only class that cannot claim credit in Russia.

The merchants of these bazars are somewhat better dressed than their customers, but in point of intellect and education they are but little superior. They are for the most part absolutely illiterate, and the little figuring necessary in their business is done with the help of counting-boards.

One would think that a comparison between this class of business man and that of the large Muscovite merchants is unpermissible, but

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Welch's Grape Juice is a true thirst quencher, it goes right to the spot and satisfies without excessive drinking. You know that it is doing you good. Remember, Welch's.

Your druggist and grocer has it. 3 oz. bottle by mail, 10c. Booklet with recipes, free.

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Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.
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DON'T MAR YOUR NOSE—No Pressure—Firm—Safe—Easy. Sticks to Any Nose. Will Replace Spectacles. Ask your optician or write BORSCH & CO.,
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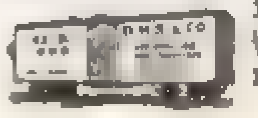

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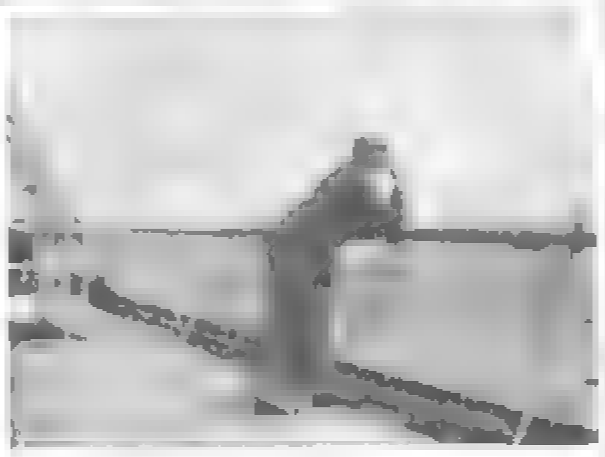

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People travel for climate—we supply it in your home with

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Unlike other methods, our artistic patterns of radiators are placed under or close to the windows and in vestibule or hallways where they immediately meet and warm the wintry blasts.

The hot water or low pressure steam is compelled to silently circulate through every radiator, hence the home is uniformly, automatically warmed throughout to any degree desired by the householder. Always under perfect control. The atmosphere is mild, balmy—perpetually like that of a perfect June evening.

Need not be connected to street water supply. The fuel economy and cleanli[illegible] for the [illegible] in few years. [illegible] as size and kind of building you [illegible] send you, FREE, valuable [illegible] booklet.

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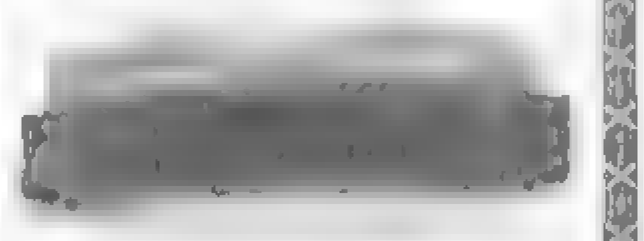

Beware of imitations substituted for Pantasote because they are cheaper. Test the goods offered you by holding a lighted match to the *surface*. Pantasote will not burn. Imitations burn violently.

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Soft, Springy, Sanitary

Pneumatic Stair-pad

Makes climbing stairs a pleasure. Not a dirt and disease germ catcher like the old fashioned kind. Doubles the wear of the carpet. No trouble to adjust. Practically indestructible. Price, $3.25 per dozen, expressage paid east of the Mississippi, or a sample pad free for 25 cents to cover mailing.

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the fact is that even among the latter, men are found who can neither read nor write, and who, though they can work the calculating machines used in all Russian business houses, are compelled to keep their private accounts by a system of vari-colored pins. These same merchants spend sometimes thousands of rubles for an evening's entertainment.

The same slowness, laxity and unsound principles which characterize the private business methods in Russia prevail in the administration of public institutions, municipalities and Government enterprises. In the department of telegraphs and mails, for example, the empire of the Czar is far behind in modern methods and requirements. The buildings do not come up to those of other European or American post and telegraph offices, and the working system of these departments is perhaps more antiquated than the structures themselves.

The office hours, even in the commercial centres, are very short, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and local mail is delivered in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. Long distance mail is forwarded by the slowest trains, so that letters from St. Petersburg or Moscow to Berlin and Vienna, the nearest large European capitals, arrive at their destination in from three to four days, whereas a passenger, using the ordinary fast trains, may reach the same places in from thirty-six to forty-eight hours.

Restrictions in the telegraph service are well illustrated by an incident that has come under my personal observation. In sending a private code telegram its forwarding was refused by the official, who first wished to know in what language the message was written. As the code was made up of invented words I informed him of the fact, whereon I was told that telegrams could be forwarded only when written in some existing language. I found a way out of the dilemma by repairing to another telegraph office where I coolly explained that the message was written in the Sioux language. It was forwarded without further trouble.

A striking example of the business methods of Russian municipalities is furnished by the city of St. Petersburg. The Russian capital is—as is well known—built on low, marshy ground, and, though Peter the Great and his successors have achieved their object in creating a great city in that high latitude, all efforts to make it also a sanitary residence have, until now, failed. Its hygienic conditions are abominable, its drinking water is the worst possible, and at all seasons of the year epidemic diseases prevail among the poorer classes. Were it not for the fresh breezes from the near-by sea, which combat, to some extent, the foul miasma of the marshy soil, these conditions would be still worse. The Duma (city council) of St. Petersburg has long ago recognized the absolute necessity for introducing sanitary reforms and has as early as twenty-five years ago, considered plans for modern canalization, but this is as far as the matter has advanced. The business comes up every year in the city council, but not a spadeful of ground has as yet been turned.

Similar methods are observed in the introduction of modern transportation. Cities like the new and old Russian capital, with populations of over a million, have a street-car service that would be a disgrace to an American country town, and there are exceedingly few lines that are used by any but the poorest classes. *"Si tshass!"* Time is cheap in Russia, and things will come by and by.

Another example of incomprehensible Russian methods can be found in the new, magnificent Church of the Savior, in Moscow. Millions were spent on the structure and its interior decoration. Costly marbles, malachite and lapis-lazuli have been employed everywhere, and pure gold has been used by the ton. Fine frescoes by the most celebrated Russian artists adorn the walls. These paintings have been considered the greatest ornaments of the church, yet, within a few years of their completion, they are in danger of entire effacement.

Careful researches have established the fact that the frescoes, instead of being executed directly on the walls, had been painted on thin layers of stucco, plastered into a foundation of wire netting, which were subsequently fastened to the walls. In order to accelerate the drying process interstices had been left behind the wire netting which were filled out with rags and similar rubbish. For a short time this filling served its object, but it is now obvious that its gradual decomposition is the immediate cause of the deterioration of the paintings, the final effacement of which is only a question of a short time.

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STAMPS DID YOU EVER COLLECT? There is both pleasure and [illegible] only 10c we will start you with an album 152 Different Genuine Stamps from Sandwich Is., Costa Rica 1863, etc., and Catalogue and 90 Coupons. Agts. Wtd. 50% Com. We buy Old Stamps. Illustrated List 2c.
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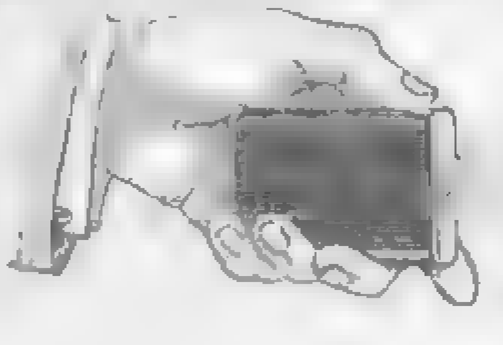

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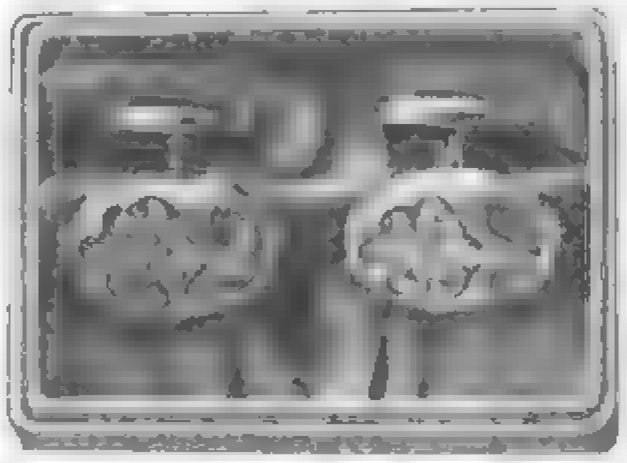

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Every "Kunstadter" button is guaranteed. Our guarantee means that if the button does not last three [illegible] perfect condition we give a new pair FREE. We have 72 different designs. Lever back [illegible] either direction, which prevents breaking and allows slipping through cuffs without injuring button holes. We will send illustration of 72 styles on request.

Send name of your dealer and enclose 50 cents (stamps will do) for Style 12, shown above in satin lined case, and we will ship post paid.

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[illegible] we are willing [illegible] men and prospective salesmen. [illegible] to know all about the

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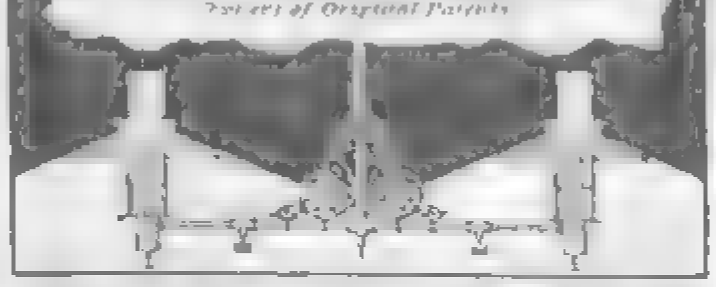

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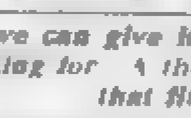

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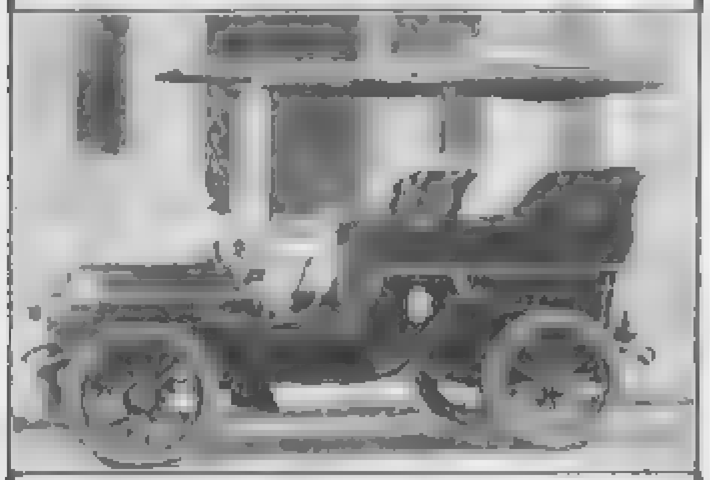

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To *reach* your destination — to *have* the promised joy and freedom of automobiling — to avoid roadside labor, disappointment and expense, your car *must* be *very* good, AND in seventeen official awards the HAYNES CAR has been declared the VERY BEST. This unmatched record — made by stock cars — is at once the envy of competitors and an assurance to purchasers — to you.

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One box only will be sent, post paid, at this price, and this offer only holds good until July 1st, 1904.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.

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The Matter With Carpenter

(Continued from Page 7)

don't know how you're going to do it. Nobody knows. The answer isn't in the back of the book at all. You'll have to think! With your head! Here!" And he tapped his forehead and walked away.

Well, that sort of a tongue-lashing didn't hurt. Carpenter knew what it meant. He had heard many a team captain toward the end of a hard season go it in just that way. "Trained down a bit too fine," was the comment he made to himself, and the seven ways of calling him a fool left no sting. But Wagner's peroration stuck. "There was no answer in the back of the book." What he was looking for was no longer something that the professor had coyly hidden to test his powers. Wagner didn't know, nobody knew, the professor didn't know and would have had to put on his spectacles and search like the rest of them to find it. There was something in that notion — a perfectly new one to young Carpenter — that warmed him up inside. He set his jaws tight over a lead-pencil, gripped the sides of the table and looked at the thing, and so tasted, for the first time, the travail of creation.

At noon, three days later, he was no nearer the end than when he had begun. The hours had flown, and the quest was getting more and more absorbing. He had been lost in it. Three times a day he had found himself ravenously hungry, and somehow he had satisfied his hunger. He had not slept much — the thing wouldn't let him sleep. He was beginning to have nerves. His hands weren't quite steady, and once when Wagner dropped a pulley he gave a gasp and the sweat jumped out all over him. And Wagner begged his pardon. That ought to have surprised him, but it didn't.

He had thought of a dozen ways, which were all obviously no good. He had not called on Wagner to look at one of them. He was going back over them now. He paused over the best one. Could it be made to do? Perhaps so. No, it couldn't. It was hopeless; almost as bad as — —

And then, from somewhere, the thing was given to him. Without any laborious thinking out, making up, the way was there: the beautiful, simple, only way, that solved not only his problem but another one besides.

He drew a long breath. "Thank the Lord," he said. "Here it is."

Wagner looked, and swore softly. "That's it," he said.

It was about two months after this, and late one night, that he and the superintendent talked it all over. "We've got Sawyer and Company by the short hairs this trip," said the superintendent. "You did a good job."

"Don't forget the kid," said Wagner. "We did it between us."

"Ain't that the most amazing thing you ever heard of," the other said, after a pause. "And wasn't it just like the old gentleman to make a long shot like that? Why, that boy wasn't worth his ink. And when I told that, at last, to old Mr. Hooper, he just narrowed up his eyes kind of thoughtful and he said, 'We'll give the boy another chance. We'll send him out to Wagner.' If he'd said, 'We'll put him in a den of lions,' I shouldn't have been more surprised. You're pretty fierce, you know, when you are on the war path."

"I guess I did give it to him pretty stiff the first day."

"And there's another funny thing," the superintendent went on. "If I'd prick him up just a little he'd sulk half a day."

"He didn't sulk out here," said Wagner. "He worked like a pup right up to the end. Well, he's having his fun now."

"I don't see why Hooper did that. Seems kind of a mistake, just as he was beginning to forget his college dude ideas, to send him back there for a week. We'll have the same trouble with him all over again when he comes back."

"Oh, don't you worry about the kid," said Wagner.

And, indeed, at that precise moment young Carpenter might be said to be having his fun. He was lounging back in a recessed window-seat against a stack of big, ornamental sofa-pillows, looking at Evelyn who shared the recess with him. She was sitting very straight, and rather near the edge, watching the dancers go romping by; romping, for the two-step was one of those inspiring things that carry you around in

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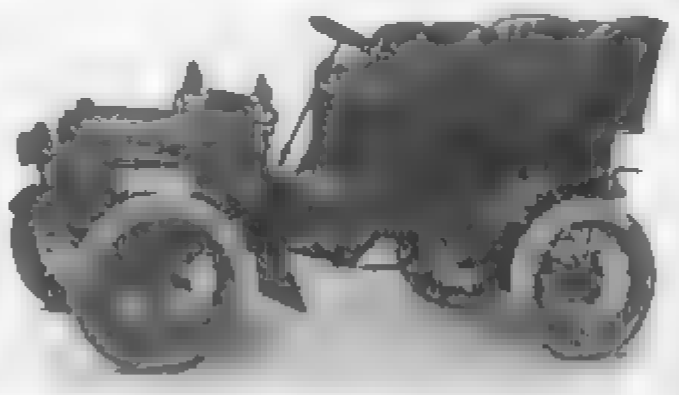

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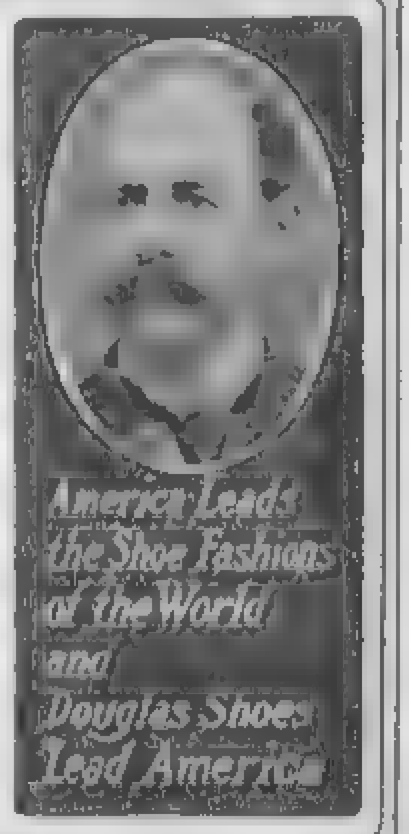
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spite of yourself, and, besides, it was the last but three. Her foot was beating time to it.

"What luck—what mammoth luck this is!" said young Carpenter.

The remark irritated Evelyn, perhaps because he had already made it several times during the evening, perhaps because the long silence which had preceded it made it sound a little perfunctory; also the two-step at that moment came abruptly to an end.

"It needn't have been a matter of luck at all," she said, "if you'd only taken the trouble to write to me or to Patty. Besides it's very unfeeling to Mr. Baker's grandmother."

"I don't mean it that way. But it sort of serves him right after making a clean sweep of your card like this. Why, here are five right in a bunch. What if he hadn't had to go home? Would you have given me any of them, or would you have left me all the evening to sit around and watch you from the corners?"

"You don't deserve any. You couldn't have been too busy to write a word for two whole months. You'd forgotten there was such a person. And, besides, I believe you're bored."

He sat erect with a jerk. "Well, it's true I did forget. I forgot you, and Patty, and the crew, and everything. I forgot to eat or sleep. I almost forgot to brush my teeth. But I was making something. This thing"—he indicated a confusion of pencil lines on the back of his program, damning evidence of an insane attempt, earlier in the evening, to explain to her the mechanics of his great invention—"this thing is part of me. It's mine. If I got struck by lightning this minute I'd still have done something. And it was worth——"

The orchestra started up a waltz, and how they were playing it! Evelyn had been tapping her tight-pressed lips with her fan. Now, suddenly, her face brightened into a smile. An immensely tall young chap, but very boyish and inclined to blush, was standing before her, asking if he might have the dance.

"I'm awfully sorry, but it's taken," she said.

"Who was he?" demanded young Carpenter.

"Mr. Greenwood. He's an awfully nice boy, and quite the best dancer in college. He dances better than you do, I think," she went on judicially, and with an infinitesimal glance at him she added, "better even than Patty."

"Come, let's dance it," he said.

The leader of the orchestra, who stood with his violin cuddled under his chin and looked, not at his orchestra, but at the dancers, saw young Carpenter take her out of the crowd that was just around them to a part of the floor where there was more room, and as he had often done before with that particular couple, the leader followed them with his eyes and with his music. The waltz had become the accompaniment to their dancing.

Evelyn drew a long, contented sigh. "I didn't mean it," she said.

"What?"

"That Mr. Greenwood danced better than you!"

"How about Patty?" he asked after a minute, and thereupon she laughed. "I knew I could make you jealous," she said.

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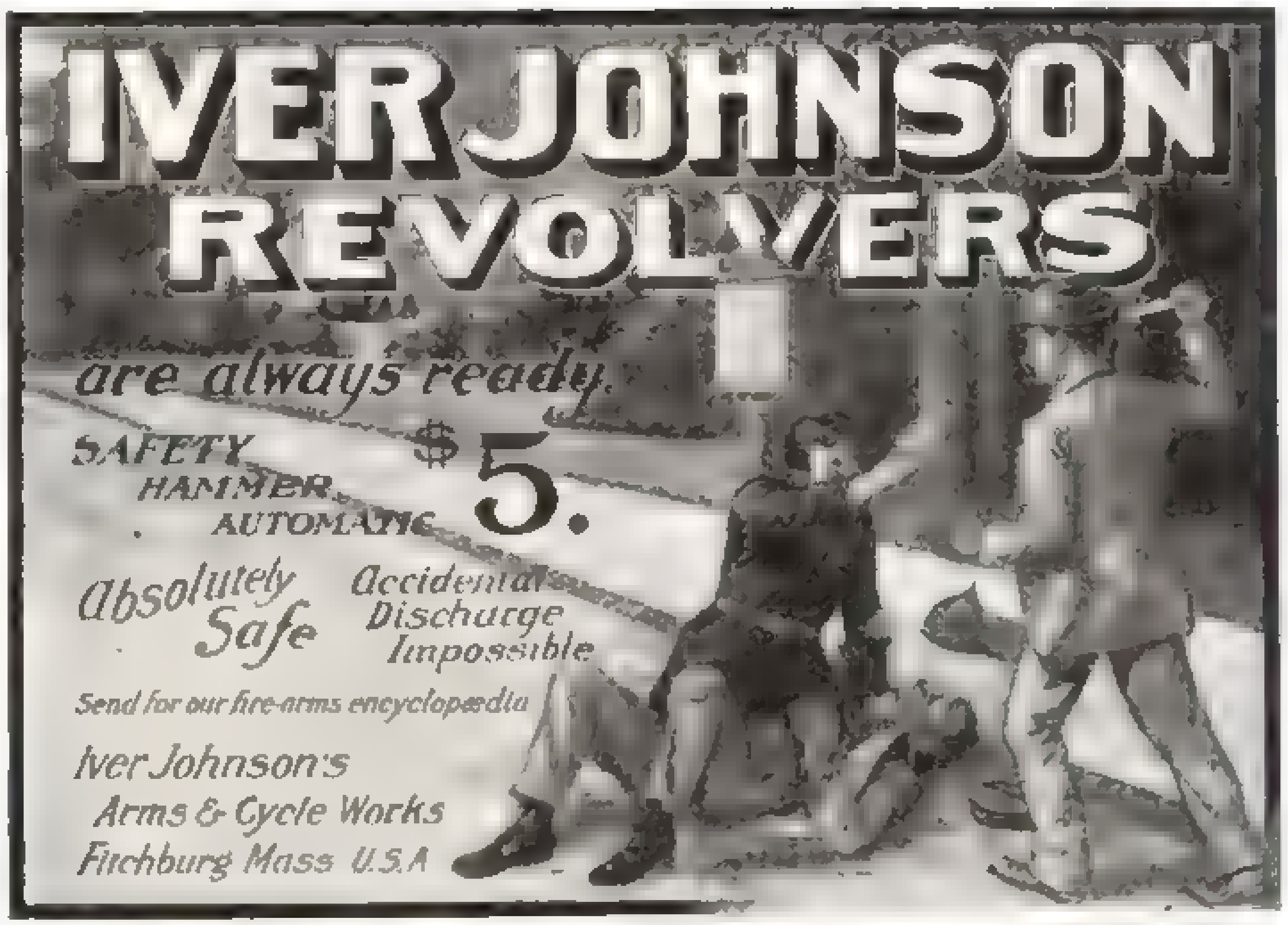

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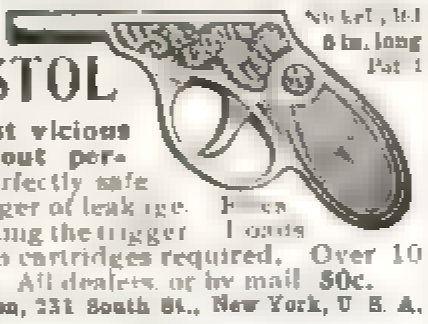

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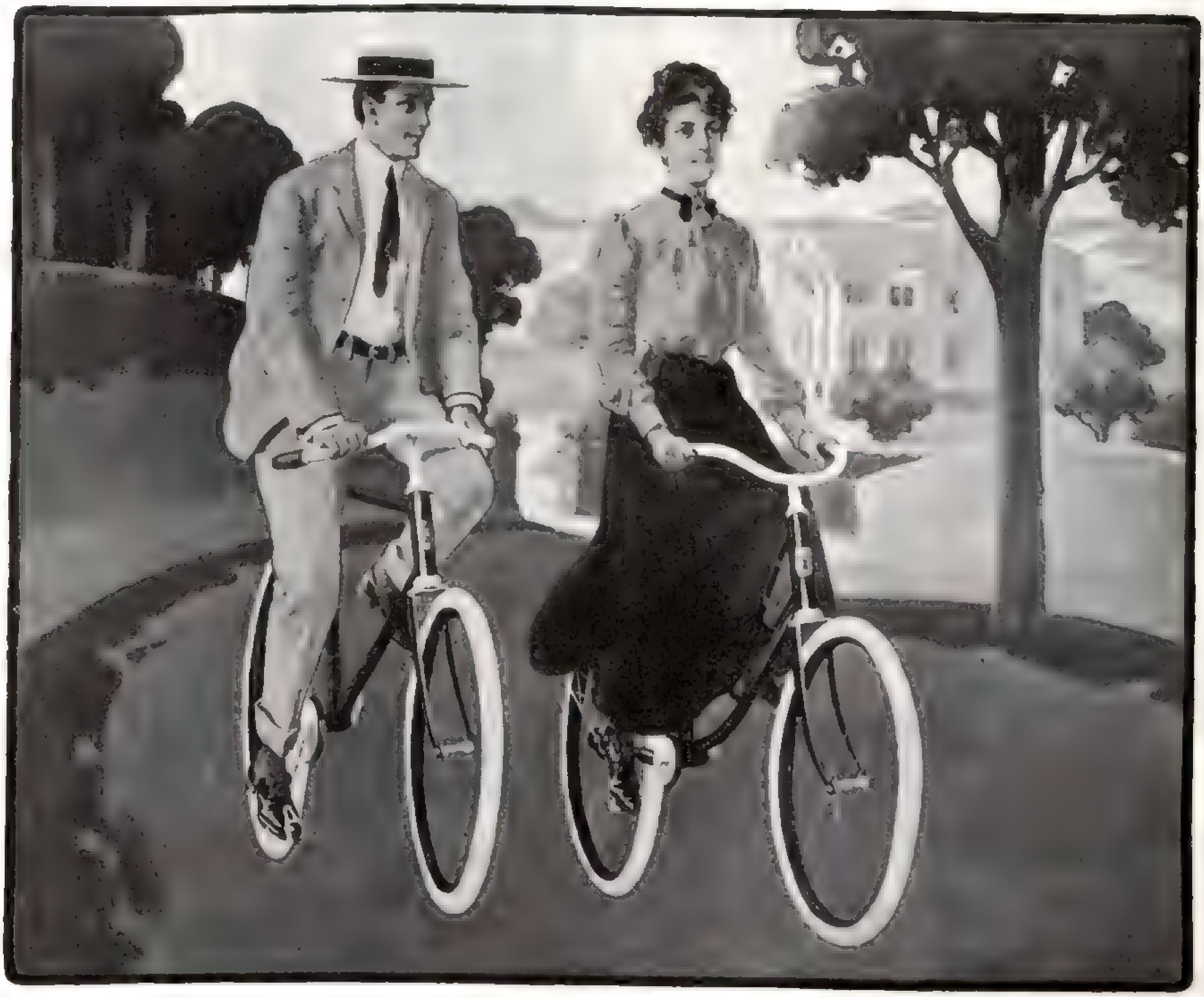

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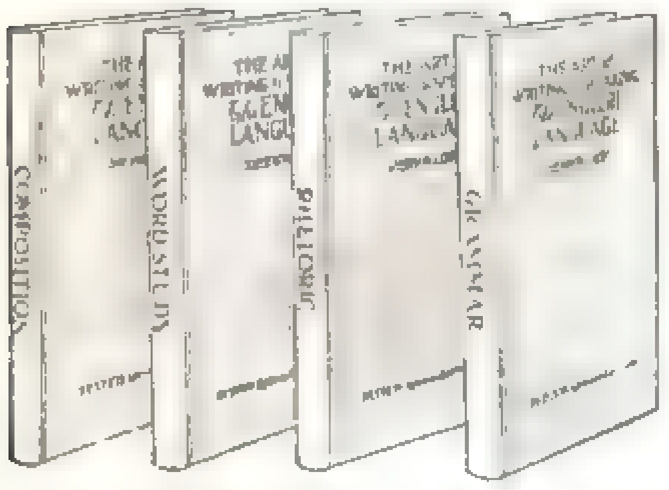

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The Singular Miss Smith

(Continued from Page 13)

She stared at me for full a minute before replying. "Say, I ain't on to your curves yet, whoever you be," she finally remarked. "But never mind; I'd like to know one thing. Are you stuck on Joey Larkins?"

"No," I answered promptly and truthfully; "I want to get away from here, anyhow; I want another place."

"What kind of a place?"

"Any kind," I answered recklessly, "except general housework."

"I can get you a place easy enough," said Miss Kimbark, with a touch of pitying scorn. "Law, I c'd get fifty places to do most any thing by to-morrow night. I ain't no patience with folks that get out of work. There's more work to do 'an there is folks to do it — real live folks, I mean."

I have had a brand new experience. Mrs. Buckle sent me to the grocery on an errand just after supper. It is only a short walk and I have never felt the least afraid on similar occasions. I had hardly left the house when I heard a heavy step on the sidewalk behind me and foolishly quickened my pace. Almost in a moment I was overtaken and to my horror felt an arm passed lightly about my shoulders. I stifled a scream and wrenched myself away.

"Don't you be scared of me, little Annie," murmured a big, rumbling voice. "Did you s'pose Joey Larkins was a-goin' to take it out in just a-lookin' at your sweet face forevermore?"

"What do you mean?" I said stupidly, being really too frightened to think.

"I want you should keep comp'ny with me, Annie," he went on in a lower tone. "I've ben thinkin' of settlin' down for more'n a year. I'll tell yo' fair and honest, girl, that I kind of took a notion to Stella Kimbark before you come; but for all you ain't half as handsome as Stella, there's somethin' 'bout you — Well, dash it all, you — you're *different*, an' ——"

The familiar adjective helped me to collect my dazed senses. "You are very kind, Mr. Larkins," I said decidedly, "but I — I couldn't ——" I stopped in an effort to remember the singular phrase the young man had used. He had certainly not proposed marriage.

"Couldn't nothin'," interrupted Mr. Larkins roughly. "You'll keep comp'ny with me, that's what you'll do; and come Easter we'll get married, an' that's right."

"But I don't want to get married," I murmured. "Go away, please, and don't talk to me any more."

"Look a-'ere," said the young fellow, seizing me by one wrist, "you don't know me very well, Annie; but I c'n tell you I'm no softy, an' you can't scare me. When I make up my mind I makes it up. You're the girl for me, an' I know it. We'll wait till Fourth of July, if you say so, but not another minute." His big voice trembled and so did his big hand. I was curiously torn between real gratitude and a wild desire to laugh at the absurdity of the whole thing. The gratitude conquered the laughter before I opened my mouth to reply. At last I had a lover — a real lover — who loved *me!* And that is something to be grateful for on any shelf of the china-closet. "Joey," I began, the name falling quite naturally from my lips, "you don't know anything about me; besides, I am too old for you; I am twenty-seven. You don't want to marry a middle-aged woman. Go back to Stella Kimbark; she ——"

The allusion was unfortunate. A fierce crimson surged up into Mr. Larkins' big face; the veins on his forehead swelled. "I might ha' knowed it," he muttered. Then he turned on me in a sort of blind fury. "I said I'll have you," he muttered between set teeth, "an' so I will, for all of ——"

His sentence was never finished. A huge bulk of shadow moved swiftly betwixt us, and Joey Larkins was whirled violently off to one side.

"Let go the girl, you hulking fool!" said a strong, unfamiliar voice.

I did not wait to hear what followed, but hurried away as fast as I could. I suppose the proper and sensible thing for me to do is to go back to Aunt Nugent's at once; but I am positively consumed with curiosity to see what will happen next.

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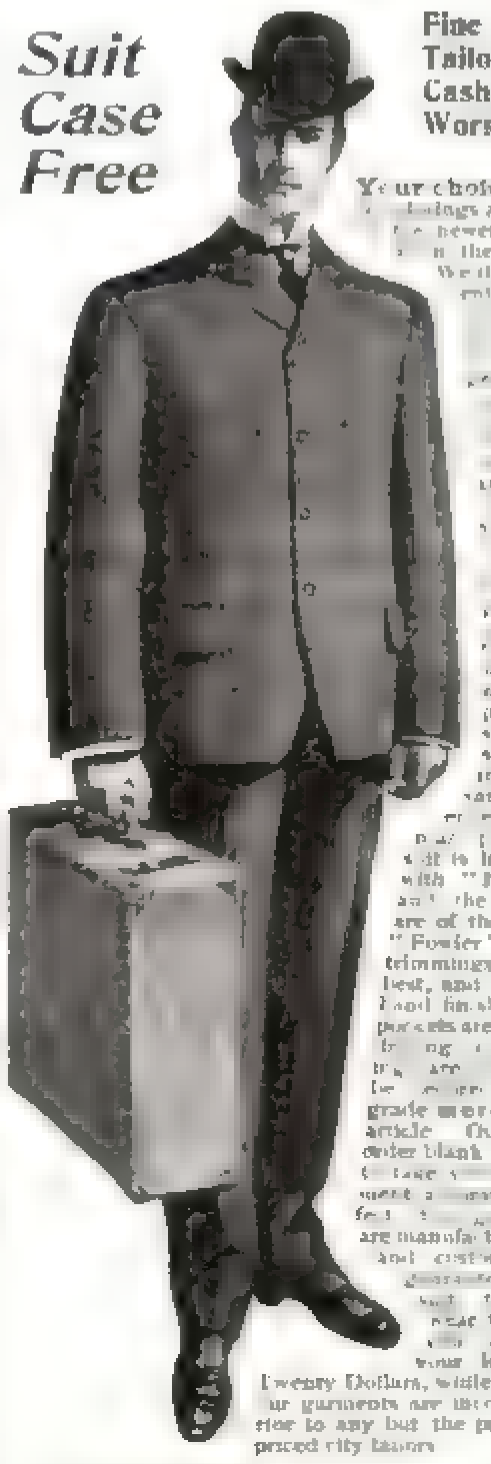

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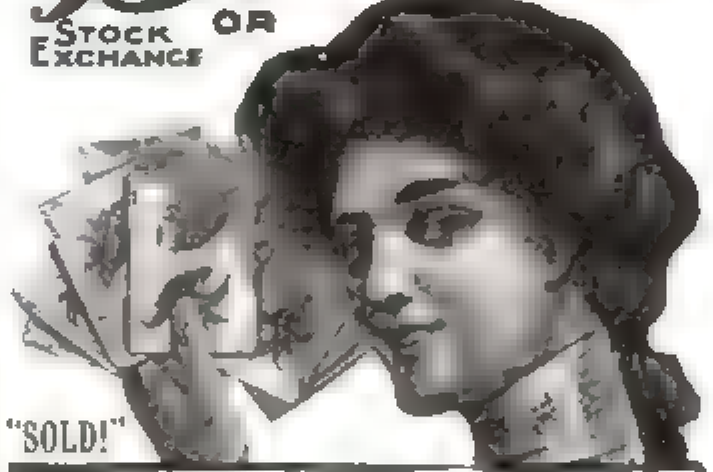

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THE GREAT BUBBLE SYNDICATE

(Continued from Page 3)

in Europe, and it's straight enough to see everything ahead, so you are free to coast as fast as you please. I let her out at the top, for I knew my brakes, had cotter-pins in every bolt of the steering-gear, and, as I said before, there was always plenty of room to pull up in if you happened to meet a team. Well, off we went with a rush that made your ears sing, and the little car humming like a top. When we were more than two-thirds down and going like the wind I saw a nurse-girl near the bottom, pushing a baby in a baby-carriage and coming uphill with two little tots in red dresses walking on either side of her. They saw us the same moment we saw them and lined up against the side—very sensibly, as I thought—and it was all so plain and right that I held on without a thought of danger. When I was about forty feet from them and allowing them an ample four yards to the good—I mean from the steep side, where they stuck in a row like barnacles—what did the little idiots do but rush across the road like a covey of partridges, while the nurse-girl stayed where she was with the baby! If ever a person's blood ran cold it was mine. There was no time, no room, no anything—and the bubble doing forty miles an hour! It seemed like a choice between their lives or my own. But, thank God, I was game, and I just screamed out the one word "jump" to Morty and turned the machine over the edge. I must have jumped, too, though I have no recollection of it, for when I came to myself my head was lying on Morty's knee, and on looking about I saw we were still on the road. The machine? Oh, it was two hundred feet below, smashed to smithereens, and if we both hadn't lit out like lightning . . . !

I wasn't a bit hurt, only bruised and giddy, and Morty was throwing the baby's milk in my face to revive me, while the baby looked on and roared with displeasure at its being wasted. Morty wasn't hurt, either, and if there were ever two people well out of a bad scrape it was he and I. He had been so frightened about me that he was crying; and I guess his tears were like the recording angel's, because they seemed to blot out all the old quarrel between us. At least, when we got up and began to limp home it seemed to me I didn't mind anything so long as he was close to me. He was shameless enough to kiss me right before the nurse-girl, who was demanding our names and addresses and our blood—and all I did was to kiss back. I didn't have any fight left, and for once he had everything his own way. Of course, it didn't last long—it wouldn't have been good for him if it had—but even in six minutes I managed to lose the results of six months' coldness. Yet I was glad it was gone; glad just to be alive; and we'd look at each other and laugh like children. You don't realize what a good old place the world is till you've taken a chance on leaving it; and weighed against death itself, all our little jealousies and misunderstandings seemed too trivial to count. It seemed enough that I loved him and that he loved me and that neither of us had broken anything—bones, I mean. It was sad, though, to think that the poor little bubble was a goner and that we'd never hear its honest little pant again.

"If it had lived up to the comic papers, Morty," I said, "it would have spiflicated a red child, given a merry toot and disappeared in a cloud of dust!"

"I'm almost sorry it didn't," said Morty, who was dreadfully pale and always hated walking. "It'll know better next time."

"There'll be no next time for that bubble," I said sadly. "It's sparked its last spark and it will never choo-choo again!"

"I mean our next car, of course," said Morty. (It was awfully sweet to hear him say "our." It took the sting out of losing the little bubble, especially now that we were going to have another.)

"Yesterday Forbes Mason offered me his new four-cylinder Lafayette for twenty-six hundred dollars," said Morty. "It's only been run five hundred miles, and I told him I'd think about it."

"It's suspiciously cheap," I said. "Sure he hasn't cut the cylinders?"

"Well, you see, he broke his arm cranking. It back fired on him, and his wife is such a little fool that he's had to promise to give up automobiling."

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"I never could pay thirteen hundred dollars, Morty, and I don't want any more of Pa's blanks. It's too exasperating."

"Oh, I meant for nothing!"

"Then it's a present — and there's always a string to your presents."

"Isn't there to everybody's?"

"Besides, it's an air-cooled motor," I said, not wanting to appear too eager. "Don't they always overheat in time and stick the pistons?"

"Not the Lafayette!"

"Don't tempt me," I said. "You know I couldn't take it on any terms."

"Forced feed lubrication and direct drive on the fourth speed," he continued, like a stage villain offering diamonds to the heroine.

"What kind of string?"

"Oh, Virgie, it was all a lie about Josie Felton."

"I had it straight from Mrs. Gettridge, and she's Josie's aunt and she ought to know."

"Mrs. Gettridge is a social assassinator — belongs to a regular Mafia of mischief-makers and old cats . . . and you know you used to care once."

"Oh, I did, Morty, I did. It nearly broke my heart, and I just wanted to throw myself away — become a trained nurse or go in for settlement work!"

"Couldn't it ever be as it used to be?"

"I should want all the bushings of phosphor bronze."

"They are that already — and it's patent lock-nutted throughout, and the engine is that new kind without intake or exhaust valves. It seems incredible, doesn't it, but I'll draw it for you when I get home . . . and we'll be married at the same time as Harry and Nelly."

"And I must have one of those French brass gasoline tanks that set flat against the dashboard and hold a two-gallon extra supply."

"You shall have it!"

"But she said she had actually seen the letter?"

"It was all a lie, every word of it," he broke out passionately. "We'll go straight to her now if you like and have it out, and then you'll see who to believe! There never was any letter or any anything, except that she had made up her mind I was to have her niece whether I wanted to or not. I told you that fifty million times in the letters you wouldn't read and sent back unopened. And it wasn't the kind of message I could give anybody else to take to you. I had to think of the girl, of course, and I know she liked me."

"French tires, of course?"

"Every blessed thing just the way you want it. The only thing I can't see my way to change is the chauffeur, a poor devil named Truslow, who's really an awful decent kind of fellow when you get to know him!"

"Oh, dear," I said, "I never dreamed the Great Bubble Syndicate was going to end like this!"

"End?" cried Morty, putting his arm round my waist as though he now had a right to. "It's only the reorganization of a splendid old concern, and for thirteen hundred kisses I am going to let you in on the ground floor!"

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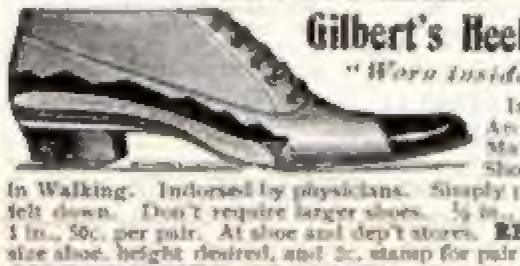

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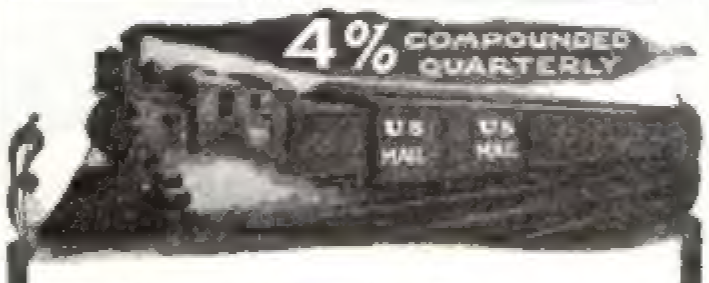

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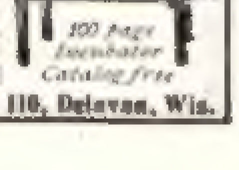

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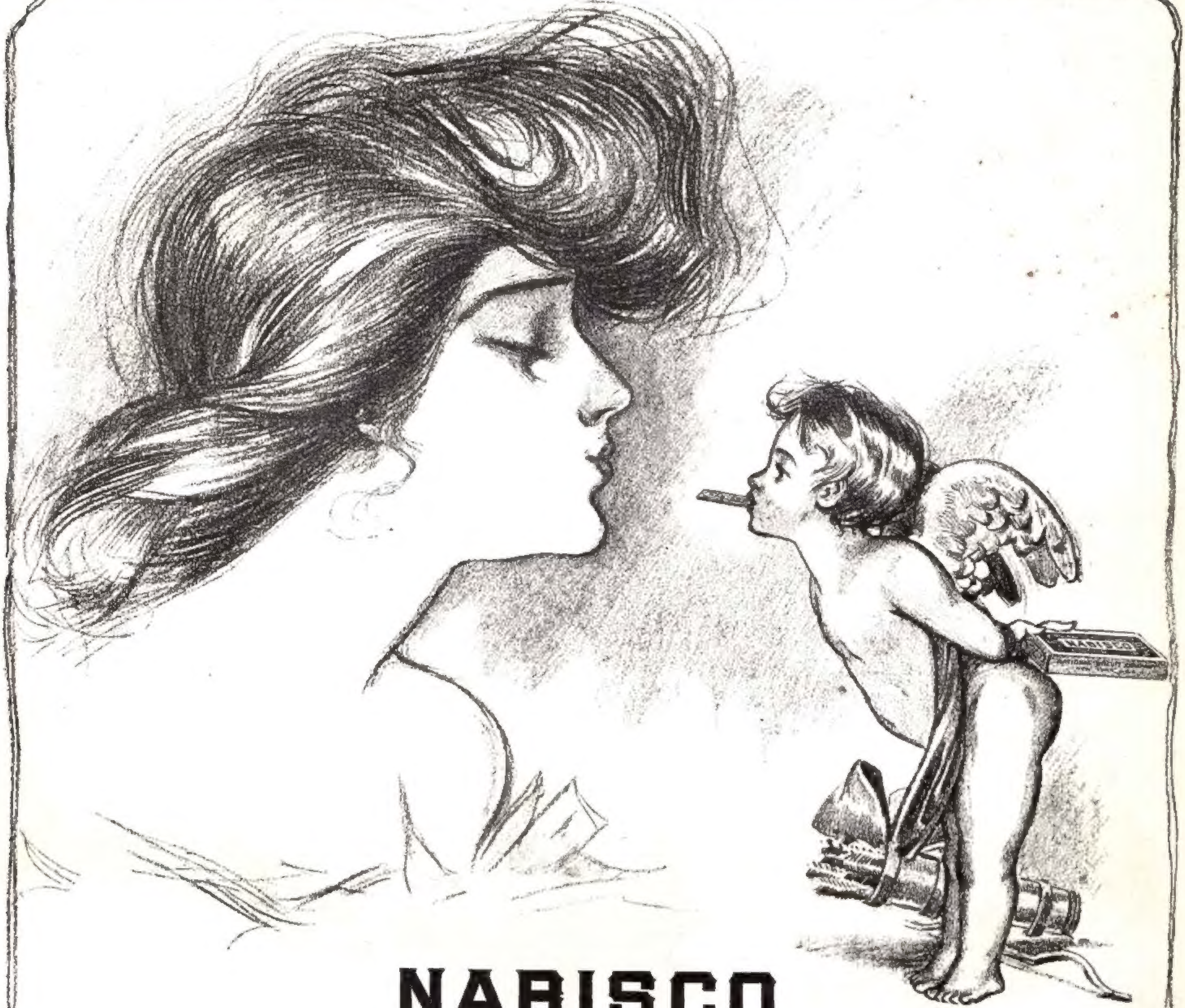

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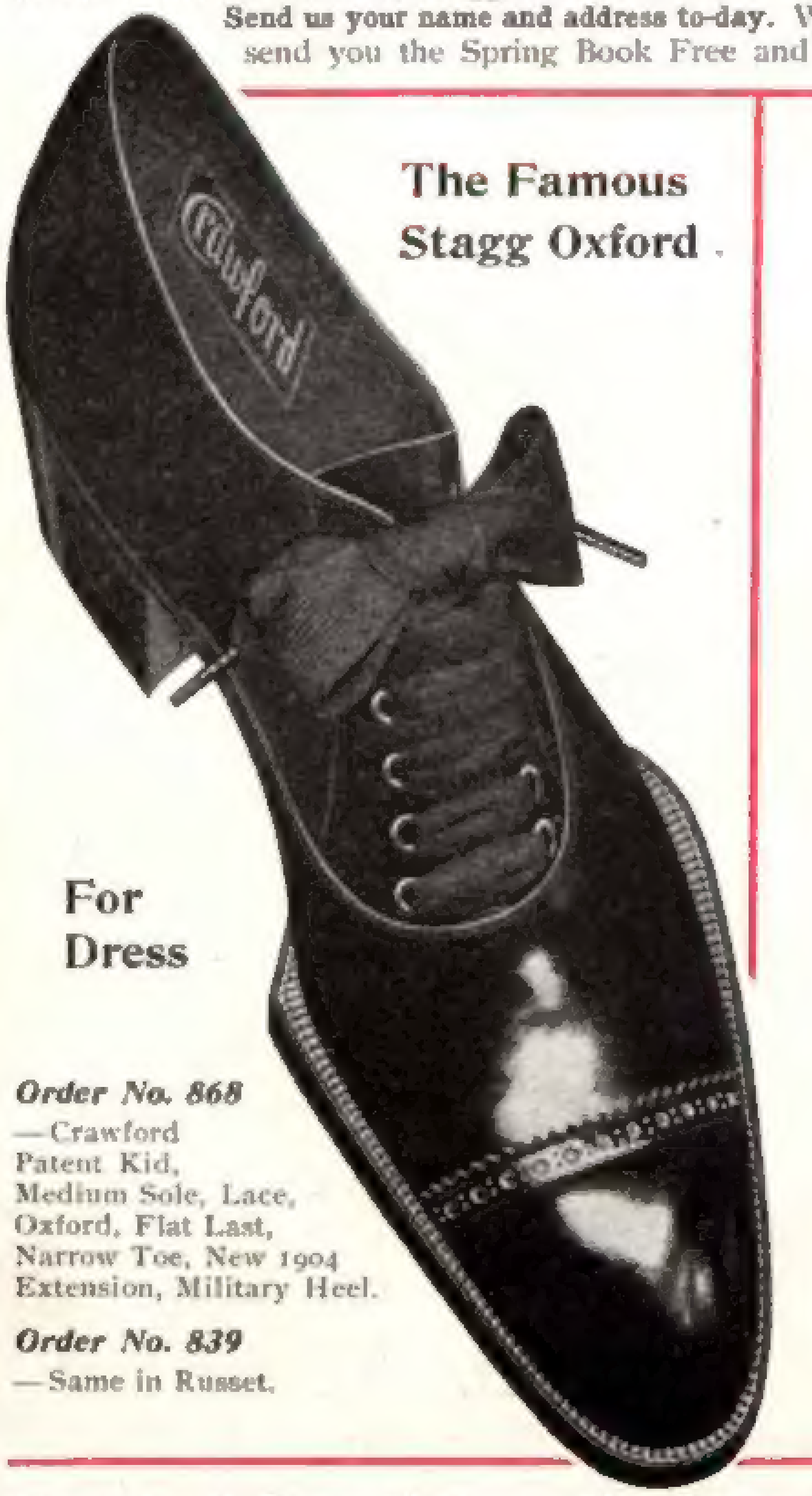

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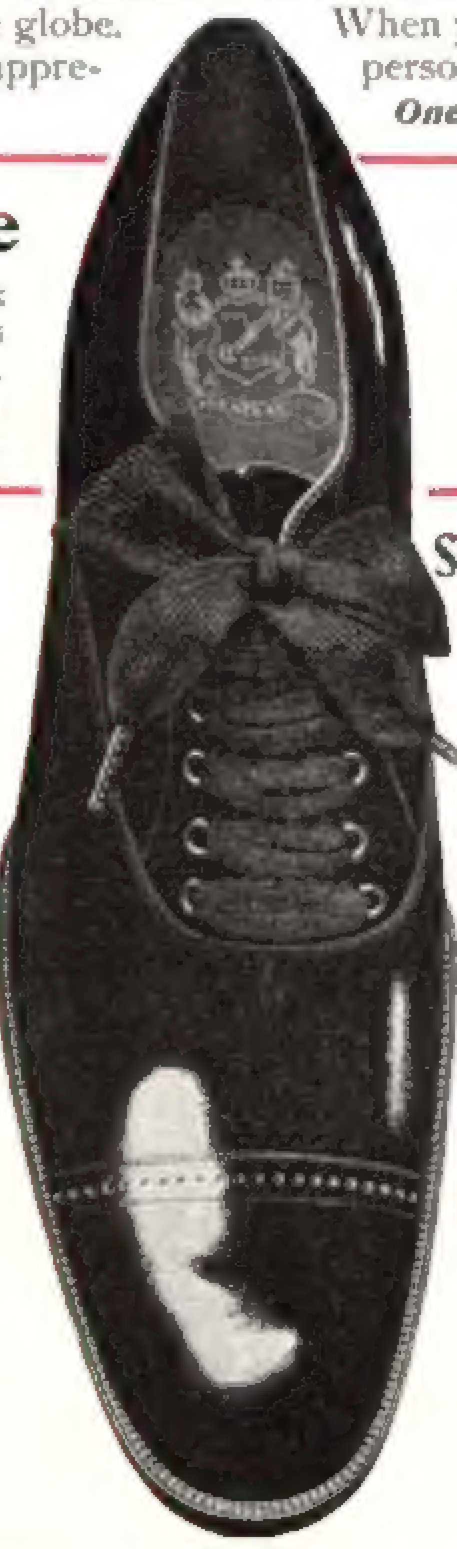
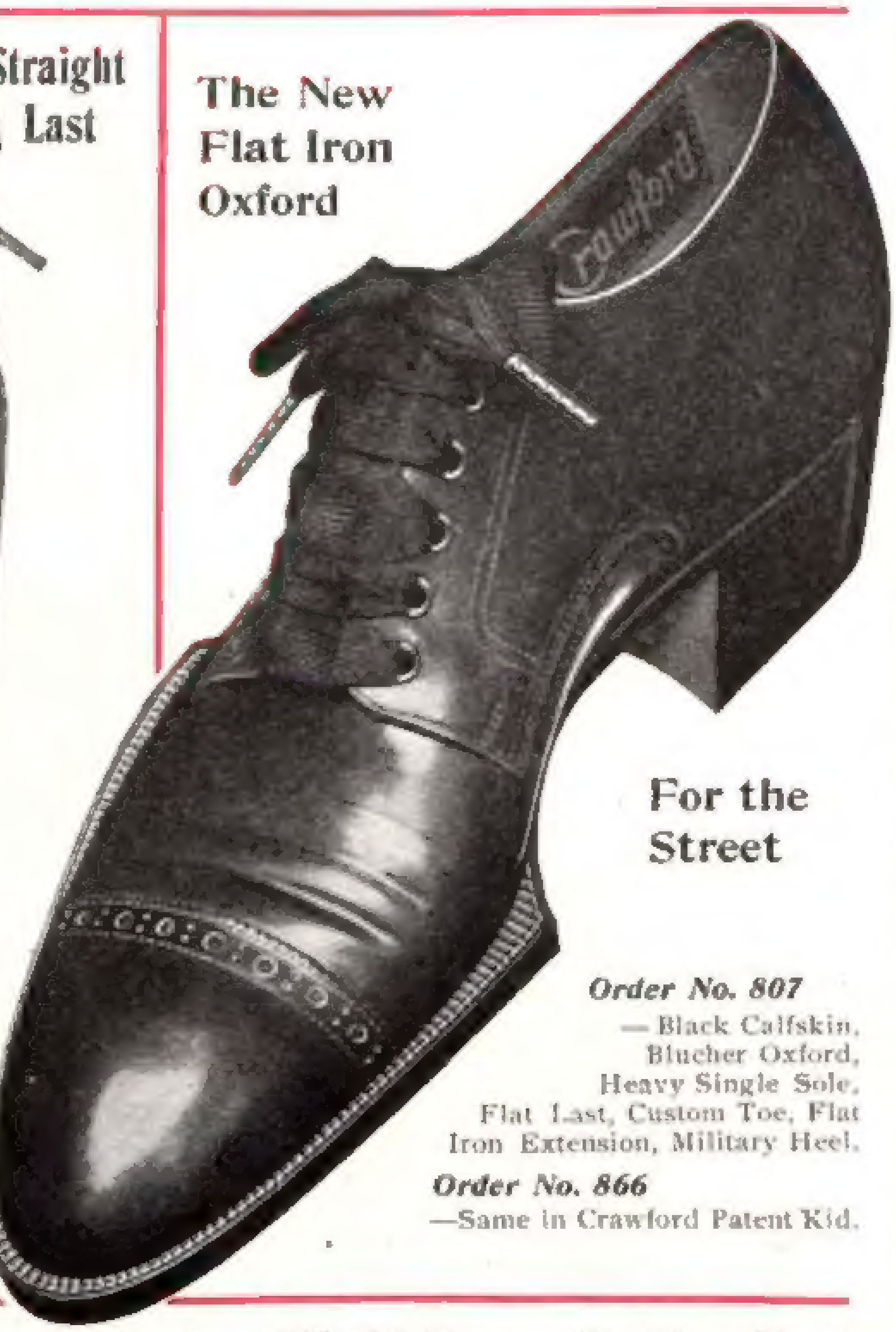


Straight Last

Crown Oxford

Order No. 848
—Crawford Patent Kid, Single Sole, Lace, Oxford, Straight Last, Close Trimmed, Regular Heel.

Order No. 860
—Same in Vici Kid.



The New Flat Iron Oxford

For the Street

Order No. 807
—Black Calfskin, Blucher Oxford, Heavy Single Sole, Flat Last, Custom Toe, Flat Iron Extension, Military Heel.

Order No. 866
—Same in Crawford Patent Kid.

Crawford Shoe Makers, Headquarters and Mail Order Dept., Section 38, 138 Duane St., New York

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